

SEE THE STORY OF ANOTHER TICHBORNE CASE, ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE IN THE  
ANNALS OF CRIMINAL JURISPRUDENCE, ON PAGE 108.

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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SEE ARTICLE ENTITLED "THE GOLDEN FLEECE," DESCRIPTIVE OF THE WOOL INDUSTRY OF MONTANA, ON PAGE 108.



THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION AT CHICAGO.

AMONG THE FLOWERS UNDER THE DOME OF HORTICULTURAL HALL.—DRAWN BY B. WEST CLINEDINST.—[SEE PAGE 109.]



## "FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY" AND THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

No other American paper will have more interesting illustrations or more readable articles concerning the

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## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

W. J. ARKELL ..... Publisher.

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THE third in the series of articles on the annular or ring theory of Creation, by Professor I. N. Vail, will appear in our next issue. These articles form a valuable contribution to the discussion of a subject of universal interest.

### THE WISE COURSE.



A CORRESPONDENT who describes himself as "only a plain farmer" complains of FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY as being unduly conservative in its treatment of the existing business situation. While agreeing with us that the prevalent monetary stringency and industrial derangement are largely attrib-

table to our silver-coinage policy, he insists that the main cause of these troubles is to be found in the popular distrust of the Democratic party as to the question of tariff and other matters concerning which it directly antagonizes Republican policy and measures. He believes that, independently of the influence of our silver policy, the Democratic declarations of hostility to protection and the alarm occasioned thereby to our manufacturing and commercial interests are quite sufficient to account for the calamitous situation in which we find ourselves. It is undoubtedly true that the success of the Democracy in the last election tended to awaken solicitude as to the future of our manufacturing industries. It operated to arrest projected enterprises, and to induce caution and conservatism in established industries. It was inevitable that, pledged as that party is to the overthrow of the protective policy, its accession to power should have had this result. But this moderation in enterprise under ordinarily sound financial conditions would not have been productive of seriously harmful results. On the contrary, it would have tended to stability and healthfulness in the business situation. Had it not been for the silver policy initiated in 1878, under which we have purchased five hundred and twenty million dollars of silver—a policy which has resulted in accumulating \$375,665,210 in silver for which no place can be found in our currency—business would have continued along normal channels, and we would to-day be in a comparatively sound and safe condition.

It has seemed to us that in the presence of so severe a crisis as the present, merely partisan feeling had no place; that it was the duty of the enlightened journalist to encourage confidence by a calm and conservative discussion of the problem of recovery from existing dangers, rather than to stimulate distrust by inflammatory appeals addressed to the prejudices and passions of men. We have no more confidence in the sagacity and enlightened purpose of the Democracy than our correspondent, but, having control of all departments of the government, and being responsible for it, we believe that they should have a fair chance to perform, if they are able to do so, what they have promised to the country. At the same time we believe that success in the work of delivering the country from present embarrassments can only be achieved by the full co-operation of the Republican party in the policy which President Cleveland and the better men of his party desire to consummate. The attainment of that result is the paramount duty and necessity of the hour. It must be performed, so far as possible, independently of partisan conditions and policies. Its achievement is infinitely more

important than the promotion of merely party interests. This newspaper, holding this view, means to co-operate to the extent of its ability with men of any party who are prepared to unite in such legislation as is needed to restore the national prosperity to solid and enduring foundations. It surrenders no principle, abandons no contention in the domain of politics for which it has stood in the past; it only chooses, in an exigency which is in no sense political, to consult the public good as of the highest concern. If there is a Republican anywhere who cannot conceive this to be in the line of duty, and who would seek party ends at the expense of the national welfare, we cannot and do not expect to command his approval.

### A STRIKING CONTRAST.



RECENT act of discourtesy on the part of certain Canadian officials at Montreal seemed likely for the moment to result in an international complication. The Italian war-ship *Etna* visited that city, and on entering the harbor fired the customary salute. The acting mayor, who is a violent Roman Catholic, declined to respond.

The ground for this refusal is alleged to have been a desire on the part of this official to commend himself to the papal authorities at Rome, to whom he apparently imagined that an insult put upon any representative of the Italian government would be most agreeable. The Italian admiral, learning that all French and British war-vessels arriving at the port of Montreal have been greeted with salutes, determined to resent what he considered a deliberate insult. He accordingly demanded in categorical terms that the Italian flag should be honored according to usage. Compliance with this demand was for some reason delayed. Thereupon, after waiting a due time, the admiral informed the authorities that unless his flag was saluted he would immediately withdraw and leave the settlement of the matter to his government and that of Great Britain. This served to bring the Canadian authorities to terms, and with great alacrity a salute of twenty-one guns was fired.

It is hardly possible that this affront could have been instigated by sectarian motives. We are unwilling to believe that any man in his senses would permit religious prejudices to carry him to such an extreme of discourtesy. However this may be, a marked contrast with the sectarianism which is unable to find any good outside of itself is afforded by another incident of recent occurrence.

Some time ago the Roman Catholic Church of St. Mary's, in Long Island City, was destroyed by fire, and the congregation was left without any place of worship. Thereupon the Baptist Church tendered the Catholics the use of its edifice, and on the following Sunday three Masses were held within its walls, the symbols of the Catholic faith appearing side by side with those of the Baptist creed. In the course of the services the officiating priest took occasion to acknowledge the hospitality of the Baptists in terms of just appreciation. The incident has attracted some comment as being unusual, and by some narrow-minded people has been sharply criticised. It seems to us that no more gratifying illustration of the growing toleration of the times has been afforded anywhere. Certainly the spirit which suggested the courtesy and the cordial readiness with which it was accepted furnish a striking contrast with the intolerance which is said to have dictated on the part of the mayor of Montreal an ostentatious affront to the flag of another nation.

### PARTISAN COMPACTS AND THEIR CONSEQUENCES.



THE Democracy owe their present ascendancy in the government largely to the co-operation of the Populists of the South and West and to the compacts which secured them the socialist and anarchist vote in Illinois and the support of the enemies of non-sectarian education in Wisconsin.

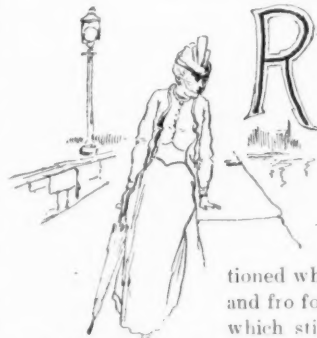
The alliance with the people's party, arranged by the National Democratic Committee and carried out in every State where it could be made effective, put open contempt upon principle and consistency, and aimed at success at whatever cost of decency and honor. The bargain with the anarchists of Chicago was even more shameless, because it involved an engagement by the Democratic gubernatorial candidate, backed by his party, to use the authority of his high office, the authority of the people, in the event of election, in the interest of a murderous and criminal class who are at constant war with society. The bargain did not apply to Illinois alone; with the sanction and under instructions from the Democratic committee, the party in all the Western States made common cause with that dangerous element and profited by its support. There has never been, in the history of American politics, a more disreputable compact, a more monstrous series of compacts,

than those by which the Democratic party wrested individual States and the country itself from Republican control in the election of last November.

Governor Altgeld has kept faith with his anarchist supporters and paid the debt he owed them. How will the Democratic party meet the obligations into which it deliberately entered? The hour has come when it must decide. The Populists in Congress, the silver men, and all the tag-rag and bobtail which the Democratic party leaders lured into their camp are demanding payment for service rendered. Their terms are high, but they must be met if the Democracy desire to keep control of the Senate, hold the discordant elements of the House in check, and retain their supremacy in some closely-contested States. The Populist leaders and the silver fanatics are already threatening revolt if their demands are not complied with. Their blood is up, and they will not be appeased by promises or half-way performance. They know their power, and they mean to use it. They must have free silver, a system of legalized agrarianism under which the prosperous may be spoiled at will by the unfortunate, government paternalism in its worst and most obnoxious forms; these are all included in their programme. And all these the Democracy committed themselves to grant when they covenanted for Populist support.

What a spectacle is this of a great party, asserting itself as the child of destiny, caught in the meshes of its own scandalous folly and floundering about at the mercy of the riff-raff of our politics! We do not wonder that reputable, far-seeing Democrats look to the future with grave apprehension. They realize how serious are the perils which menace the party unity, and how utterly unfit many of their leaders, upon whom great responsibilities devolve, are for the work which lies before them. If the truth could be known we suspect that Mr. Cleveland himself would be found to share these apprehensions. More than anybody else he must feel the need of strong, capable, broad-minded men upon whom he can rely in the crisis which has come to him and to his party. For the country's sake we hope he may find them. But the suggestion of that hope is possibly as the voice of one crying in the wilderness.

### MORAL DERELICTS.



REFERENCE was recently made in these columns to the derelicts, abandoned vessels of one sort and another, which are afloat upon the ocean. An official statement puts the number of these dangerous hulks at fifty. One is mentioned which has been drifting to and fro for nearly three years, and which still floats at the mercy of the winds and waves.

What stories of storms and calms, of fierce wrestlings with the angry seas, and of silent drifting through restful days, these scarred ships could tell if their voices could be heard. But how poor in the pathos of real tragedy their tales would appear if contrasted with the stories of those derelicts which are found everywhere in the currents of human life. Men and women who, sailing away from safe harbors, have gone adrift and are beaten and tossed by pitiless winds of misfortune; who have lost rudder and compass, and to whom even the skies reveal no guiding star. The sea of life is wide, touching far-off shores, but who has not found somewhere in its great expanse some abandoned hulk, grim and spectral in its loneliness and desertion?

He was your classmate in college; every prize worth contending for was his; the world lay at his feet waiting conquest. He sailed away, and you heard of him among islands of enchantment on gilded seas; then news came that he had furl'd sail in the harbors of Ease and Folly; then that he had drifted thence into one and another maelstrom; then a long silence; and then, at last, just the one sad word that told you he was lost to hope—a derelict. Better that he had gone down in sight of the home anchorage in life's fair morning than to have sailed the seas only to become a sodden thing at last, blackened by sin and eaten by its lecheries.

Or, you knew him, long ago, as eminent in all the qualities that men value in business relations. Great trusts were committed to his care. Institutions and communities leaned upon his counsel and confided in his ability and honor. He was the model man. One day temptation came, but he refused to listen. It came again, and he bent his ear for a moment—only for a moment. Again it came, and he was complaisant; then once again, and he fell. Yesterday the newspapers told the story of a great defalcation and the disappearance of a trusted and universally honored official. Another derelict! Another man lost! It may be you will find him somewhere in some coming day, but no ship that ever went adrift, abandoned to angry tempests, was so broken and pitiable a wreck as he!

He was a man of affairs. Starting humbly he made his way by dint of well-directed energy to commanding eminence. Popular acclaim hailed him as a born leader of



men. Able, alert, abounding in resources, caucuses and senates waited upon his word. A great State owned him as master. Whatever he essayed to do was for the most part accomplished. Men prophesied of him that the loftiest honors within human reach would come to his hand. But there came a day when some latent germ of evil in his nature, of which the world knew nothing, found its opportunity; when, impelled by inordinate ambition, this silent impulse developed into perversity of deed and method, and the whole moral nature giving way, eclipse settled upon his greatness and he became a castaway. A great name once cherished and revered, now the sport of chattering tongues—another derelict on a shoreless sea.

You knew her in her girlhood, in the sweet bloom of girlish innocence and expectation. You walked with her the country lanes; loitered with her along the country brooks; hunted with her the arbutus in the brightening spring days; shared with her the ample pleasures of her rich young life. When, as that life broadened, she took up the duties which came to her in the sweetest of human relationships, your thought followed her, and there was no gift at her bridal which matched in value the prayer you breathed in her behalf. That was in the long ago; how far away it seems and how impossible, now that you recognize in the battered derelict which just drifted across your course the once winsome creature who to you stood for everything that was pure and lovely. A derelict; a life that had in it great possibilities of usefulness and happiness, blurred and cankered by evil; a soul bewitched by siren voices and adrift with no harbor in earth or in heaven in sight. Of all sad things to look upon, the saddest is such a woeful spectacle as this.

The derelicts at sea are the objects, sometimes, of government quest. Perilous as they are to navigation, their detection and removal is matter of public concern. So these moral derelicts, the forlorn and shattered ones who make up the world's wreckage, are objects of solicitude. Society studies and plans continually for their recovery; there is not a shoal or reef where some light-ship does not lift its friendly beacon. Now and then there comes glad news of rescue; but the whirlpools of vice are remorseless, and few there be that, once engulfed, safely emerge from their maddening swirl. Still we do well to send abroad into all perilous waters messengers of hope and help, for far more precious is one self-abandoned soul found and saved than the richest argosy that ever came in from any sea.

#### A KENTUCKY SUGGESTION.

MR. HENRY WATTERSON never forgets that he is a Kentuckian and that Kentucky interests are entitled to his special care. The latest illustration of this commendable loyalty is afforded by a suggestion concerning the great Kentucky staple—whisky. Referring to the argument of the Colorado silver owners that they are entitled to protection at the hands of the government, and to the circumstance that the owner of certain salt deposits in Kansas, who has issued bonds thereon which are being used as currency, may presently, with equal propriety, demand the paternal care of the Treasury, Mr. Watterson says:

"The truth is that if the government is to continue the policy of making a warehouse of itself for the storage of products which it does not need and cannot use, it would do better to buy Kentucky whisky than either Colorado silver or Kansas salt. Since it began buying silver under the Sherman act silver has gone down nearly fifty per cent., and the government has now a stock of dead silver stored away in its vaults which represents a loss of millions of dollars. If it had put the money into Kentucky whisky it would have put it into something which would have been growing better all the time, and which would have continued to grow better with age. It could have kept that whisky for a hundred years, if it chose, before attempting to put it into circulation. Think of Kentucky whisky issued by the government and known to be one hundred years old! Instead of suffering a loss from it the government could dispose of it at a profit sufficient to pay off the national debt and pension every silver miner in Colorado for life.

"If it is absolutely indispensable to the prosperity of this country that the government shall buy something every month to store away in its cellars, the 'logic of the situation' clearly is that it shall buy whisky instead of silver."

There is undoubted force in the *Journal* argument. But one objection occurs to us. With the Treasury vaults filled with Kentucky whisky, would not the party of the majority in Congress speedily start a "run" and exhaust the supply?

#### IDLE WORKINGMEN MOVING EASTWARD.



THE result of the suspension of silver mining in Colorado is apparent in the arrival in Chicago and other Western cities of thousands of men in search of employment. Chicago, it is said, swarms with hordes of these pilgrims, and still they come. Some of these men have made their way by stealing transportation on freight trains, while others have tramped singly and in squads

across the country. Reports from various points in Kansas show that a great many depredations have been committed in the towns along the lines of the principal railroads, but these are probably chargeable to tramps and

ruffians, who took advantage of this Eastern movement of the unemployed to prosecute their war upon society.

The incursion of this body of workingmen into Eastern cities, where the number of the unemployed is already considerable, may become a serious matter for some populous communities. It will be the more difficult to deal with because the incoming element is, if not really agrarian, largely possessed of the idea that the world owes every man a living, and will be, therefore, less amenable to wholesome restraints than the average laborers of the East. It would not be fair, of course, to characterize the participants in this exodus as sharing the bloodthirsty views of Governor Waite of Colorado, but there can be no doubt that his intemperate appeals, and those of other leaders of opinion in the silver States, have had a pernicious influence, and that many of these Western wanderers are inflamed by resentments which may find violent expression upon the slenderest of pretexts. However this may be, a continuance of the existing derangement of important industries will be certain to augment the privations and increase the number of the unemployed in all our great centres of population. The gravity of the situation is increased by the fact that a large proportion of the immigrants who are landing upon our shores in enormous numbers are settling down in this and other cities of the Atlantic seaboard, and are likely to become presently a charge upon the public. If there were no other considerations which should induce Congress to take the earliest possible action for the cure of such of our existing ills as legislation can remove, adequate reasons for such a course are supplied by the facts here stated as to the growing complexity of the labor situation.

#### TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

PROFESSOR BRIGGS does not apparently regard his suspension by the Presbyterian General Assembly as very much of a misfortune. Recently certain California admirers proposed to raise a testimonial of fifty thousand dollars with which to salve his supposed hurts. The professor promptly declined the offer, alleging that he had lost nothing so far by his trial "except the delay in literary work and the waste of time and strength." Professor Briggs is quite right in his estimate of the effects of the proceedings against him. He is richer to-day in the esteem of all men who believe in tolerance and the rights of scholarship than ever before.

THERE is apparently no basis at all for the statement that the World's Columbian Exposition will be extended over into 1894. A correspondent of this paper, who has interviewed the leading fair officials, writes us positively that it cannot and will not be continued. He says:

"The director of works is especially emphatic. The buildings, he explains, were designed to last in good order for one year—more than that period would entail repairs that would aggregate an immense expense. The staff would suffer seriously from another winter's exposure, and other damage to those great structures would be expected. The art gallery alone, of which the walls and frame are permanent, will be bought by the State of Illinois, and plans are being considered for the treatment of the staff covering and ornamentation to make it more durable. From a financial point of view the director-general and the council of administration would strongly disapprove the proposition, which, indeed, has never been seriously considered."

It is to be said for Mr. Francis Hendricks, who recently retired from the collectorship of this port, that he discharged its duties with conscientious fidelity to the public interests. His administration was marked throughout by conservatism and sound business principles. The attempt to hold him responsible for a disregard of law in the admission of Chinamen at this port seems to us to have been entirely unwarranted by any facts known to the public. Fair-minded people will probably discern in this effort a partisan rather than a patriotic motive. Mr. Hendricks retires with the appreciation of the whole mercantile community, and he will find in other pursuits more genuine satisfaction, we imagine, than he was able to find in a position where the honest discharge of duty has exposed him to unjustifiable criticism.

PROBABLY nothing contributed so much to Democratic success in some parts of the country, in the last election, as the projection of the Force-bill issue into the canvass. It was well understood, of course, that it was a mere campaign expedient, and that the perils to the liberties of the people and the rights of the State, about which the Democratic orators and newspapers prated so loudly, had no real existence. It was just a spook, meant to frighten the timid and thoughtless. That this was the fact is now confessed by some of the journals which used the scare so effectively. Thus the *Charleston News and Courier*, whose columns flamed with lurid denunciations of the Force bill, now refers to it as a "bugaboo" which, having served its purpose, may as well be thrust aside. Those easily-frightened people who were deluded by Democratic clamor over this issue will not, perhaps, find any great satisfaction in this confession of our Charleston contemporary.

THE decision of the court-martial appointed to inquire into the loss of the battle-ship *Victoria* that the disaster

was due to the order given by Vice-Admiral Tryon was inevitable in view of the testimony in the case. But it is none the less lamentable that the record of an officer whose name gives lustre to British naval annals should thus pass into eclipse because of one fatal error, of which he was himself the most conspicuous victim. The incident affords one more illustration of the truth that the greatest reputation, built up by years of patient endeavor and grand performance, may in one moment of time be utterly wrecked by a slip of the tongue, a slight mistake of judgment, or some unpremeditated and abnormal act for which it is impossible to account on any rational grounds. It would almost seem, in the presence of cases like these, that the sanest and greatest have in them flickerings of insanity which may flame out unexpectedly into calamitous manifestations.

THE fooling with the Sunday-opening question in which the World's Fair directory have indulged seems likely to prove to some of the participants a rather costly process. It will be remembered that some time ago one of the stockholders procured from a complaisant judge an injunction against closing the fair on Sunday. The directors, who had begun to realize that there was no money in Sunday opening, ordered the gates to be closed, in contempt of the order of this easy-going judge. Their action was promptly brought to the attention of the court, and some of the directors who were more conspicuously identified with the management of the fair have now been fined the sum of one thousand dollars each. The matter has been appealed, but in the event that the decision of the lower court shall be sustained these directors will probably be able to persuade themselves that a straightforward course as to the matter of Sunday closing would have been cheaper, as well as more in accordance with public sentiment, than the tortuous policy they have pursued. Meanwhile it is understood that the case will not probably be reached in the appellate court until October, so that the fair is likely to be opened every day in the week from this time forward. Was there ever enacted in the sight of men a more ridiculous farce than this?

IT is a grave question whether some of the newspapers of our great cities are not responsible for a good deal of the distrust and alarm which have manifested themselves in business failures, and especially in the utterly causeless runs on savings banks in various parts of the country. These journals, thriving by sensationalism, have dwelt persistently upon the evidences of financial and business depression until they have inflamed whole communities with doubt and apprehension—aggravating the very evils which they professed to deplore. Runs upon banks have been seized in some cities as occasions for the display of "enterprise" in the printing of extras which, wherever read, startled confidence and widened the area of disaster. In some cases the journalists responsible for this encouragement of the feeling of fear and alarm have, upon realizing their mistake, sought to stem the tide of evil consequences, but they have discovered that while it is the easiest thing in the world to start a panic it is the very hardest to arrest one in full swing. It is altogether lamentable that any newspaper should in the slightest degree contribute, in a time like this, to the popular distrust, and we fancy that such offenders against sound discretion will have a low place in the public estimation as compared with those journals, of which there are not a few, which have employed all their influence to allay suspicion and maintain healthy business conditions.

THE recent appointment to an important position in the Treasury Department of a notorious Maine politician who was once "turned down" by Mr. Cleveland because of his infamous campaign methods has produced a most unfavorable impression throughout the country. The appointee, one Charles B. Morton, is the person who was charged with defacing, during the Presidential campaign of 1884, the tombstone in an Augusta graveyard of Mr. Blaine's eldest child by chipping off the date of birth and death—the object being to cast a doubt on the legitimacy of the child. The act was so despicable that it was denounced in unsparing terms by some leading Democrats; but the perpetrator, nevertheless, had the audacity, after Mr. Cleveland's election, to apply for an important office as a reward for his service to the party. The President, to his credit, refused the appointment asked for. Now, after eight years, the foul slanderer appears again a suppliant, and this time his "claims" are honored and he is made fourth auditor of the Treasury. Mr. Cleveland may not be responsible for the appointment; it may possibly have been made in ordinary course by the Secretary of the Treasury; but now that the matter has been brought to his attention he should at once assert his authority and rid the public service of the vile creature who has wriggled his way into it. As for Secretary Carlisle, he deserves, if the appointment is his act, the very severest condemnation. We prefer to believe that this is one of the cases in which the party "machine" has proved stronger than his official authority.



1. Sod Upton. 2. C. H. White. 3. Hanson Goodrich, photographer. 4. James J. Watson. 5. S. M. Wallace. 6. David Holmes. 7. Newton McRill. 8. Samuel Bull. 9. Thomas H. Harris. 10. George A. Miller. 11. William Coburn. 12. Whalen Newby. 13. John Nell. 14. James Colbert. 15. William McNeely.

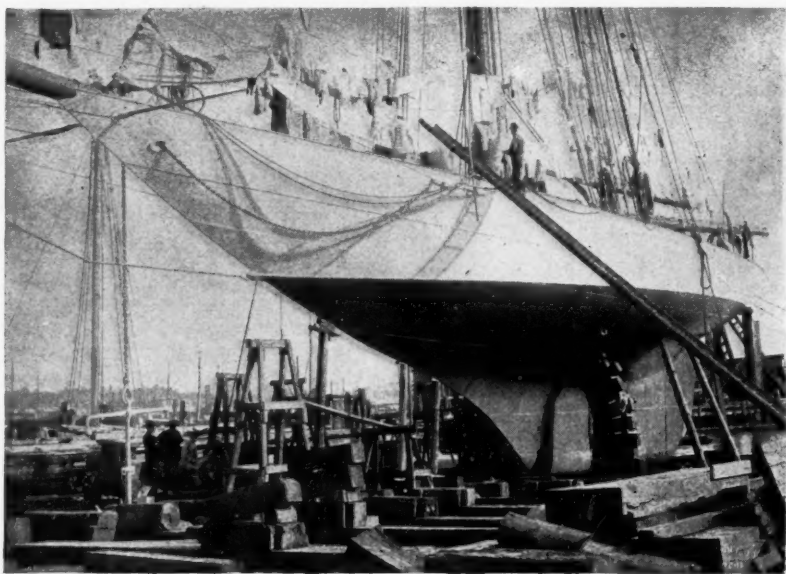


THE CLAIMANT AND HIS COMRADES OF THE FORTIETH ILLINOIS INFANTRY VOLUNTEERS.

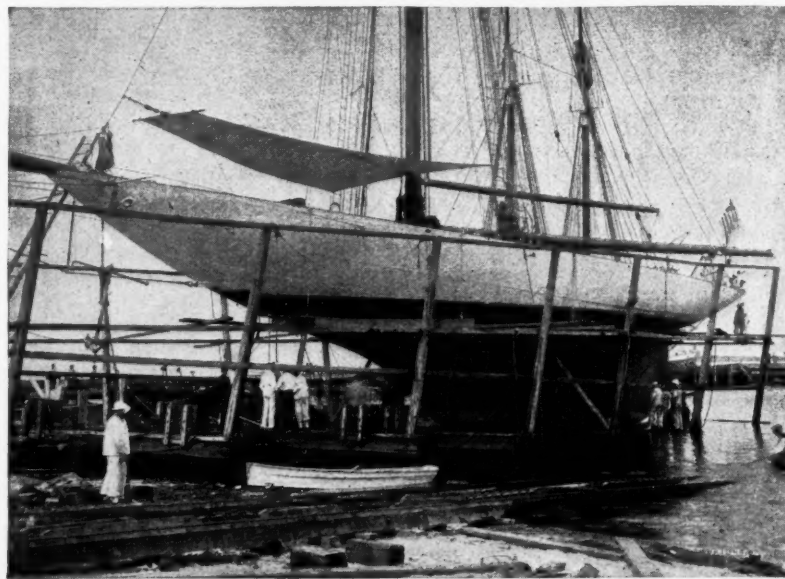
"Seventy witnesses swore that he was not Newby but Dan Benton. One hundred and forty-one witnesses swore that he positively and without doubt is the missing William Newby. The aged mother of William Newby, Newby's wife, sister and brothers, and the children of William Newby all swore that they recognized him as William Newby and acknowledge him as such before the world; yet two brothers and a sister say they cannot believe he is William Newby."

#### ANOTHER TICHBORNE CASE.

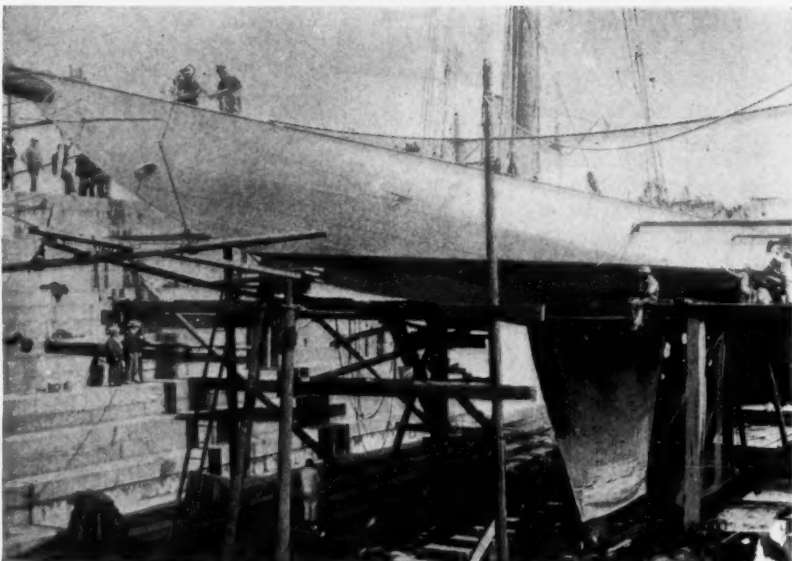
THE NEWBY-BENTON CASE, INVOLVING THE IDENTITY OF WILLIAM NEWBY, A CLAIMANT FOR A PENSION, RECENTLY TRIED IN ILLINOIS.  
PHOTOGRAPH BY THOMAS PEAKER, SPRINGFIELD.—[SEE PAGE 108.]



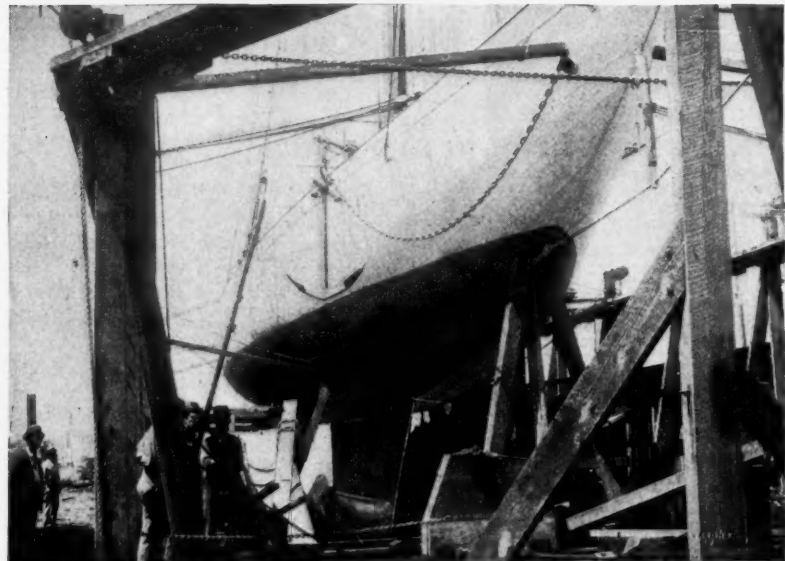
THE "COLONIA."



THE "VIGILANT."



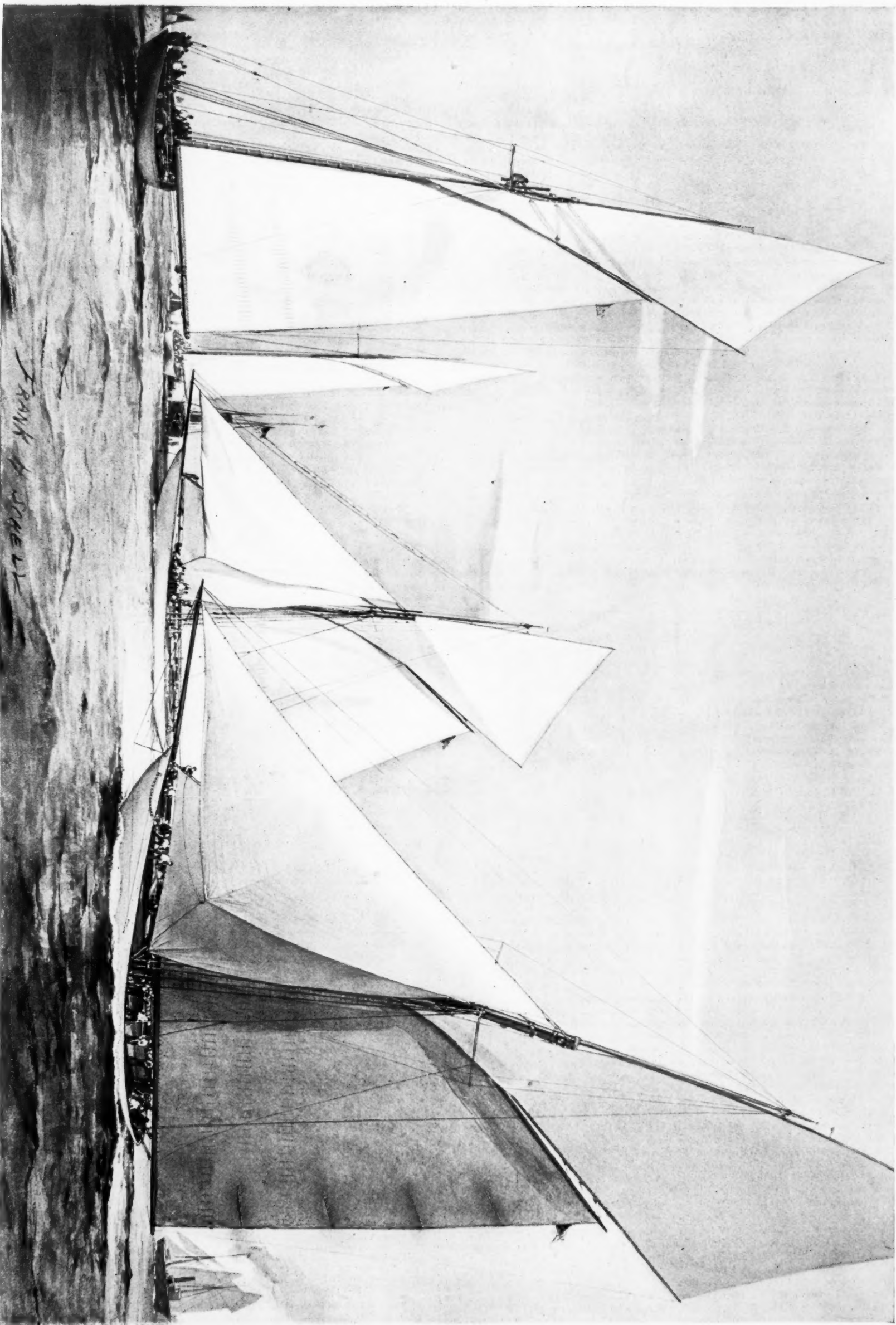
THE "PILGRIM."



THE "JUBILEE."

HOW THE CUP-DEFENDERS LOOK UNDER WATER.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY C. E. BOLLES, COPYRIGHT RESERVED.—[SEE ARTICLE ON PAGE 105.]





THE ANNUAL CRUISE OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

THE FOUR CUP-DEFENDERS RANGING UP TO THE STARTING-LINE IN THE RACE FOR THE GOSLET CUPS FOR SLOOPERS.—DRAWN BY FRANK H. SCHELL.—[SEE PAGE 102.] 103



## OLD BILL.

BY ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

A WRECK on the road stopped the train in front of Mull's. The men had congregated in the bar, the ladies retiring to their rooms.

Old Bill sauntered in, scenting refreshment. Mull himself treated the old fellow to three or four drinks, and then Bill was wound up. He was a man of about sixty, tall, bent, grizzled, threadbare as to attire, smiling of visage. A number of the delayed passengers clustered about his chair and roared over the stories he told. To-night his stories elicited more merriment than usual, for there was a wit in the room who was liberal with jorums, and he drew the old man out. Mull saw how it would be—he would have to let Bill sleep under the stairs in the upper entry, as he occasionally did when the night was very bad and there had been extra treating.

"So you were a college man?" the wit said, lighting a fresh cigar.

Bill launched forth upon escapades during his scholastic career, interlarding his anecdotes with falsely-quoted passages of Latin and Greek.

"Don't believe he ever saw the inside of a college," Mull laughed over to a young man sitting alone at a small table. "He's the champion liar of the place."

The young man paid no more attention to the landlord's advances than he did to Bill's stories. He was thinking of the little school-teacher who had promised to be his wife when he should be able to support her. He had recently "gone on the road," had hoped much and failed to have his hopes realized. Money! That was what his mind was on—money. A thousand dollars, and he might marry and take Mary away from her drudgery. He pulled out his note-book and fell to figuring what a thousand dollars would do. There, it was raining outside, and his boots leaked. Oh, for money!

Old Bill had his eyes on him; never before had a young "drummer" failed to be amused at the stories now being retailed. Bill's *amour propre* was touched.

"I'm a reader of human nature," he suddenly said. "I'm a seventh son of a seventh son. That young man over there—at this moment he is thinking of some fair Dulcinea and longing for wind-mills to fight with in her behalf." The young fellow frowned. "He admits the soft impeachment. A visage that has disclaimed acquaintance with a razor for several days. But he is displeased. Now, gentlemen, I will tell you a story about the time when I was in a similar plight."

Mull was talking with a portly man of about Bill's own age. But what a difference between the two! Here was a dignified man, full of honors, hastening home to his wife after a few months of European travel to recruit health interlarded with by overwork in his profession. He held in his hand a small blue-plush box.

"Landlord," he said, "I am anxious to place this in your fireproof safe. There is considerable value here, and I do not care to keep it in my room all night."

"Sir," said Mull, "this is a humble house, but its four walls are a burglar-proof safe, my every guest a special guardian. This is a commercial house, sir."

"I beg your pardon," smiled the gentleman. "Can you supply me with paper and an envelope?"

He took what was handed him and moved toward the door. On his way out the noise around old Bill attracted his attention. He looked that way for an instant, then turned the knob of the door and disappeared in the passage beyond.

Old Bill, while he rattled on, had looked and listened. It was said that the more he drank the keener became his wits. Without vouching for the truth of this, it is certain that he missed not a word that had been said by the gentleman to Mull, and he had noticed the expression on the face of the young commercial traveler, who had also heard the colloquy between the landlord and the gentleman with the valuable package.

But when the gentleman passed out of the bar the young fellow also left the smoky atmosphere and went into the passage on the way to his room. Before him walked the gentleman. What ease of gait wealth bestowed—independence almost amounting to insolence!

The gentleman entered the room next to that assigned to the young man. He tried to close the latchless door. It had been this door, then, that had made him solicitous for the safety of the little package! What could be in that package?

The door swung open an inch or so, and the young man glanced inside. The gentleman

turned to the door, when the young man stepped into an embrasure under the stairs on the opposite side of the passage. A minute later, the gentleman not coming out, the young man went into his own room and sat down in the dark to think. How long he sat there he did not know; when he roused himself all around was quiet.

There was a shuffling out in the passage, and he listened.

It was old Bill; the company down-stairs had broken up, and Mull had not the heart to turn the old fellow out into the rainy, cold night, but said he might sleep under the stairs in the second story.

The young commercial traveler, opening his door, saw him navigating along to the embrasure. "Great Scott!" said Bill, stretching himself there, "it's good to be well housed. But I'll not be here long."

For just as he went up-stairs a train hand came into the bar and told Mull the passengers might go on about three in the morning, in which case Bill must before that vacate his place; for it was a rule that none of the guests should ever find him sleeping there under the stairs.

Nevertheless, huddled up to keep warm, Bill could not coax the sleep he had a right to expect in consideration of the hospitality below. Strangely enough his mind flitted to the young man who had sat alone in the bar, and to his expression when the gentleman was talking to Mull. A sharp arrow of light came from a door open about an inch, a latchless door. Bill decided that that was the room of the young commercial traveler.

Bill clasped his hands around his knees and watched the arrow of light.

Was it the presumed story of this young man, or was it a new tale, to be told to some future gathering in the bar, that revolved in his brain?

There was a poor, proud fellow in that story, in love with a beauty who had promised to be his wife. His wealthy classmate is presented to the girl. Then there comes the day when the girl's father is on the verge of bankruptcy, and the lover knows it. His wealthy classmate is fond of him—has given him a key to the house where he lives, so great is their intimacy.

That night the lover resolves to go to his friend and ask for a loan to bridge over the bankruptcy. Admitting himself to the house he finds that his friend has been suddenly called to another city to be gone a month. The lover goes to a desk to write his request to him, when in a drawer he sees a great pile of money his friend has neglected to send to bank, and some government bonds as well. And the bankrupt cannot wait! In a month the friend returns; the lover tells him what he has done.

"Go away!" says the friend. "You have gone too far. Can you repay me the money?" "Not now," is the answer. "I will work for it and pay you."

The friend turns from him. The lover reads the meaning of this, and he leaves town that night. He writes to Ellen, his betrothed, and receives no reply. He learns that the officers of the law are on his track, and he disappears. In five years he is back again. Ellen has married the wealthy classmate from whom the lover took the money to save her father from ruin. That was the story Bill thought of as he huddled under the stairs.

He smoothed his hand over his face.

"Curse it! I must sleep," he said, but his eyes still fastened on that arrow of light streaming from the inch-open door. "I will sleep; I must, curse it all!"

In the dark room, not in the light one, there had been, for hours, thought of the little school-teacher—a thought obtruded upon by a reminiscence of a wealthy man with a valuable package, and an old, besotted creature sleeping under the stairs opposite the wealthy man's room.

All at once the young man took off his shoes. There was a buzzing in his ears. He opened his door and saw the light streaming from the crack in the next door. He looked into the room. The blue-plush box was on the table, and at the table sat the owner of the package writing a letter on the paper Mull had furnished him. Yes—why, the man had fallen asleep as he wrote; his eyes were closed, his cheek rested on the table. The young man flew over to the stairs. Old Bill was under them, the man who would likely be accused of any depredation. Another minute and he had reached over the man sleeping at the table, had the box in his hand, was out in the entry, in his own room, trembling like a leaf. He sank upon the edge of the bed holding the box to his heart. What was in the little box? Suppose he had been fooled!

He struck a match and lighted his lamp. He opened the plush box. Two magnificent diamonds flashed in his eyes.

His life with Mary was assured. He choked, he laughed—then he felt a touch upon his

shoulder. Old Bill was in the room. He took the box from the young man.

"I saw you do it all," he said, hoarsely. "As I am, you can be. I once did as you have done, only no one saw me do it. I loved a woman, and by my dishonorable act I forfeited her love. I will take these baubles to the man you took them from."

The young commercial traveler put his hands before his eyes.

"Oh, my God!" he said, and "Forgive me, Mary!"

Old Bill left him and entered the next room. He must have made a noise in going in, for the gentleman awoke and confronted him.

At the same moment a gong sounded below. The train was ready. The gentleman turned from Bill and gave a quick glance at the table.

"Here it is," said Bill, and held out the blue-plush case.

The gentleman took it from him, his face set and hard. He gathered up his traps and prepared to go to the train. At the door, as he left the room, he paused for an instant as though he would say something. But he checked himself, and with a dark, forbidding look he went hurriedly down the passage-way to the stairs.

Old Bill yawned and looked around him. What a pleasant, warm room it was.

"And as for that bed that has not been slept in," he said, "it is positively disrespectful to neglect it." There came a sweep of rain against the window. "I wonder," said Bill, "if Mull would be any the wiser if I turned in for an hour or two? I haven't slept in a bed like that for years. First let me drowse the glim."

Going to the table to put out the lamp he noticed the partly-written letter over which the gentleman had fallen asleep.

A word at the top of it arrested Bill. The word was "Ellen."

Ellen had been the name of her of years ago!

"Dearest Ellen," he read, "I am detained for a few hours by an accident on the road. . . . I have with me a couple of diamonds which I will put in your care on the anniversary of the day that gave to me the most loving and faithful of wives. . . . And now let me tell you of an incident that occurred in this house to-night. In the bar beneath my room I chanced upon a man, a drunkard, a sot, a social pariah. As I write to you I can hear the laughter raised by his ribald stories; men are plying him with liquor to have him tell them. I went to the bar for the paper on which I write this. Voices, it is said, rarely change. At any rate, I knew his voice. I looked closely at the miserable-looking speaker, and I discovered a faint likeness to one we knew in former days. This creature, this wreck of a man, was the chum of my college days, the man who brought us together, the man who robbed me—William Tracy."

Old Bill uttered a thin, feeble cry. The letter fell from his hands.

"It is the man I loved—the man who married my Ellen. He will tell her I tried to rob him a second time. I must find him—I must find him and tell him the truth!"

He rushed from the room, from the house, hatless, into the pelting rain, stumbling along the dark road.

It was said at the coroner's inquest that he must have tried to board the train as it started and fallen sheer under the wheels. They thought he intended to steal a ride, he was such a worthless old body.

## EMIGRAVIT.

Out of the swooning heat and glare,

And the drift of the desert sand,

Into the whispering shadow and gleam

Of a mountain land;

Up from the mists of the scorching plain

To the wind-swept hills away—

Who would not go with you, sweet Heart,

Where you walk to-day?

From the stifling death of the prison walls

And the rust of the prison chain,

From the loop-hole grate, where the bruised

hands beat

And the dim eyes strain;

Out over the moorlands wild and free,

Where the sun and shadows play—

Who would not be with you, dear Heart,

Where you roam to-day?

Out through the muck of a midnight pass,

Where the way is black and blind;

Where the strangling vapors beat in the face

And horror treads behind;

Through the icy cold that creeps to the heart,

Out into the bloom of May—

Who would not follow you, mine own,

Where you passed to-day?

The world is cold in the autumn time,

And bitter the dying year;

The shattered bloom of the summer is blown,

And the land lies bare;

The dead leav a soak in the driving rain,

Thick strewn on your grave's new sod—

But you smile where the sun shines, far away,

On the hills of God. G. A. DAVIS.

## A WOMAN'S TRIP

## TO THE FAIR.

"Chicago! Chicago! This way, madame," and the end of our journey is at hand.

It was with almost a sense of regret that we turned our backs upon the comfortable accommodations we had on our outward journey. Twenty-four hours on a swift-moving train, secluded from observation in a luxuriant state-room, with private bathing facilities and a dining-car about fifty feet from us, is comfort indeed. And when, in later days, we entered the Transportation building in the fair it was with something approaching a sense of guilt that we compared our traveling experiences with those of our worthy ancestors, as represented by the uncomfortable, lumbering coaches, their only idea of ease and speed.

"We" refers to three "lone, lorn women." One, the "madame" mentioned above, aged sixty, tall, white-haired, commanding, turned toward the Windy City on serious things intent. Burdened with the weight of the presidency of a national association of women, she hastened to the World's Congress of Women to add her mite to the general offering of theory and practice; and if, in odd moments, she can see something of the exposition, "Oh, very well!" but perchance the thought that it shall rob her "association" of one jot of her brain-power.

Another, the madame's "right-hand man," so to speak, bound to Chicago, firstly, to do her duty in the congress faithfully; but secondly—hardly secondly, either, rather one-and-a-halfly—to see the fair; and, above all, to get all the fun to be had out of both.

And lastly, the appendage, of no merit whatever, interested neither in the congress nor the fair, but going as madame's guest on the general principle of taking everything that offers in this life. Bitter was her humiliation in after days for her stupid indifference. And this appendage—let us call her A, for short—deeply moved by the sights presented to her in the month of her stay at the fair, will try to aid others to see that which was such delight to her.

The expense of the trip seems to be the important matter to a large part of the people, and to those who have to consider this matter I hope to give some practical hints. The wealthy will find that there, as everywhere, money will buy comfort, but the moderately circumstanced may need some general guidance to those comforts. In the first place enough cannot be said in condemnation of the utterly false and unjust statements made by the Eastern papers concerning the charges for accommodations and living in Chicago city and in the grounds. One can live there practically as reasonably as in any other city. Possibly the rooms are not quite as comfortable—I am not speaking of the established hotels—nor the portions quite as large as usual at the restaurants, but that is to be expected, and at worst the conditions are so little different that only the hypercritical can make a grievance out of it.

To the expectant tourist I say take rooms near the grounds, thus avoiding the wear and tear and heat of hurrying crowds at stations, and saving much time which were better spent resting in some cool spot, or flat on one's back at home. If, however, it seems best to some of you to be in town—the fair is seven miles from the heart of the city—you will find many pleasant ways of reaching the grounds. First of these is the steamer which leaves every fifteen minutes from the foot of Van Buren Street. This is a charming sail of thirty-five minutes—round trip twenty-five cents—and should be taken once, anyway, for the approach to the "White City" from the water is the most effective of all. The quickest way out from the city is by the so-called cattle-cars which leave Van Buren Street every five minutes—round trip twenty cents—and run out in fifteen minutes; but these two routes are of service only to those who are really in town, for there is no stop. Those living from Twentieth Street out can take either elevated or suburban roads, the former cheap (five cents) but not so pleasant; the latter the most expensive way of all, unless one is relatively near the fair.

I do not give statistics as to expenses, as they must vary with each individual and his circumstances, but I do insist that there are accommodations for the poor as well as the rich. Don't take board. Be foot free to eat wherever and whenever nature calls; it is less expensive, and saves as well the physical and mental strain of trying to be "at home in time for dinner." In the fair there are restaurants on every hand, from a banquet-hall to a lunch-counter. The restaurant company, placed in nearly all the large buildings, gives a good, inexpensive meal, two people being able to lunch quite satisfactorily for twenty-five cents apiece. This, of course, is not luxury, but it is enough.



Better restaurants, higher in grade and price, are easily found, and but few can be accused of extortion. Some are tricky in that they force you to take one order of each thing, and absolutely refuse to follow the usual custom of serving two plates to an order, no matter how large the party or the order. This, of course, increases the expense greatly. Of these foreign restaurants let the economical beware.

Right here I want to say a little word of thanks to the proprietor, or proprietors, of the White Horse Inn. Out of the rush of the main part of the grounds, in behind the Agricultural building, it nestles in quietness and peace. Charming to the eye, interesting to the novel or historical reader, with its Pickwickian associations, it offers a retreat for the weary. All my meals there were well served, generous in quantity, and good—the waiters civil and obliging. Apparently in these early days of the fair it is but little known, as there is never a painful crowd there, and its cool parlor and reading-room and smoking-rooms offer comfort for idle moments after the meal. Long may it do honor to Dickens and his Mr. Pickwick.

But to return. "What do you find most beautiful in the fair?" every one asks. There is but one answer to that: "The fair." Ah! if pen could but picture to you what is embodied in those two words; but the wealth of beauty, the grandeur, the calm magnificence, the royal majesty of the White City cannot be told, cannot be seen even; it must be felt to be appreciated.

Come with me to the Sixty-fourth-street gate, for that, to me, is the best way to first enter the grounds. From there, little by little, you come upon the spectacle until suddenly you stand upon the bridge between the Court of Honor and the Lagoon, in the very heart of it all. To the west of you lie the Administration building, the Mining and Electricity; to the south, the Machinery, Agricultural, and the Colonnade; to the east, the mammoth Manufactures and the Peristyle, beyond which lies beautiful, treacherous Lake Michigan, its gleaming waters just visible through the Columbus Porticus; while to the north stretches away and away the Lagoon, with its wooded island heart and its white garment of architecture about it. Stop here! Be the sun never so hot, or the rain never so heavy, pause, and pause again, for never after can come to you that same hushed sense of awe. It is the first look, and you will never forget it. The city of the gods? Nay, more. "A great city . . . descending out of heaven from God."

This article is not intended to take the place of a guide-book; in fact it is at variance with the guide-books. They say ride about the grounds first on the elevated Intramural Railroad; but it seems to me that robs the great creation of part of its grandeur in the eye of the novice. First, with lagging step and recipient mind, walk all over the grounds. Follow the long white roads, past the ornamented fronts, around at the side and behind and back again to the front, always outside, never in, that first day. Look up, look down, to the right of you, to the left of you; look as if it were your last look on earth—least your eyes; you will have your reward. Then take an electric launch (save the gondola for the evening trip) and rush silently about from one white flight of steps to another, while high above you, like a city in a dream, lies the white splendor.

This is enough for one day. The brain is full to overflowing if you have half taken in the architecture, the sculpture, the landscape effects, the water-ways, and the fountains. To-morrow you may come fresh and strong to enter into details. And as a preparation for to-morrow let me call your attention to the care with which the administration has considered your comfort. In the morning, close by the gate, you will find a stand piled up with little red camp-chairs, light and easy to carry. You deposit thirty-five cents and are given a chair and a check. You may carry that chair all day, or leave it at any chair-stand in the grounds, and on presenting the check are refunded twenty-five cents. Ten cents for a day's ease—can any one ask more? If you do not wish a chair thousands of settees are on every side. The Intramural Railroad runs almost completely around the grounds, and a ten-cent ride from one end to the other gives one a most excellent idea of the general effect and relative positions of the buildings.

Toilet-rooms are everywhere, free to all; or for a charge of five cents a little private wash-room, with water and soap and towel and brush and comb, with hooks to hang garments, where one can refresh one's self all that is desired. What other nation on earth would do as much for the comfort of the public?

Guards, respectful and considerate, greet one everywhere; guides, intelligent and courteous,

always to be had; rolling-chairs, with patient, instructed attendants to "counsel and guide," galore, charge seventy-five cents an hour. Rich or poor, sick or well, old or young, your comfort is provided for. All praise to the most able administration which makes all this a fact. It is far from perfect as yet. Was Rome built in a day?

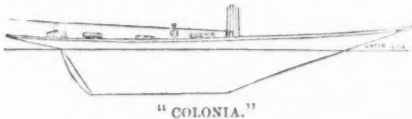
S. R. DIX.

## HOW THEY LOOK UNDER WATER.

### THE RADICAL DIFFERENCES OF THE CUP-DEFENDERS.

WHEN the interest of nations is concentrated upon the coming contest for the yachting supremacy of the world, the demand for knowledge concerning the competitors is widespread. We have already published the pictures of the four American yachts which are built to retain in this country the greatest sporting trophy ever known. This quartette is now about to pass through a series of preliminary races that will decide which one is fastest and best adapted in every way to meet the plucky challenger from across the water.

So far as pictures are concerned, it may be said that to the ordinary landsman they give but little idea of the radical differences which exist in these four boats. To him, the best photographs present craft which are apparently as much alike as four peas or Chinese. They are all painted white, with long overhang bows, and rigged in an almost precisely similar way; so that the landsman, and even the amateur yachtsman, is not to be blamed when confessing that he "can't tell one from t'other." The real differences are, of course, below the water-line, and there they are very marked. Nowadays, guessing at a yacht from what you see as she sails is very like guessing at a woman during an era of crinoline. To obviate some of the hazards of this sort of thing the proper method is to give diagrams and explanations—of the yachts, only, of course.



"COLONIA."

We first give the *Colonia*—not because we think she has any better chance than the others, but because she is the most thorough and complete yacht of the four. She is a keel boat, all of a piece, with no splitting up for weighted centreboards and other new-fangled contrivances, but a real yacht, and of the same type as the challenging *Valkyrie*. It must be remembered that by the rules the challenging boat must proceed to this country on her own bottom. She is, therefore, compelled to be a staunch, solid, thickset boat, such as the ocean trip necessitates. This extra solidity of construction is, for highest speed, detrimental. The extreme lightness with which the home boats may be produced is a distinct advantage; and when we consider that two of the four can only be classed as racing-machines, in which no one would cross the ocean, we hope that the selected winner will be either *Colonia* or *Vigilant*. We say this in the best interest of sport, because if either of the Boston boats is selected, and wins, there will then be some room for the English to say that they were beaten by an unseaworthy machine. Of course this is a race for the fastest boat to win, and it is quite proper to produce anything that will do so; but the world would prefer the yachting supremacy to be established by that which is truly a yacht.

Of the *Colonia*, simple as her diagram appears beside some others, it is only necessary to say that she is an enlarged reproduction of the *Gloriana* and *Wasp*, which were the winners of their respective years among the forty-sixes. Her name is, if possible, even more graceful than her appearance. She is built to oppose England in the kingdom of sport, in which there are no national boundaries, and when she suggests by her name that the old times and the old brotherhoods are not forgotten she is to be accredited with as delicate and well-placed a compliment as ever issued from America.

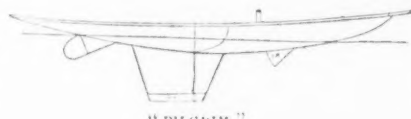
Mr. Archibald Rogers, New York Yacht Club, heads the syndicate which produces the *Colonia*. Her dimensions are: length, water-line, 85 feet; over all, 124 feet; draught, 16 feet; beam, 24 feet.



"VIGILANT."

The *Vigilant* is produced by the syndicate led by Commodore Morgan, New York Yacht Club. Both she and the *Colonia* are built by the Herrschoffs. Below the water-line she is

plated with Tobin bronze, and in that region she looks like a keel boat with a very small centreboard slipped into her by mistake. It is like the fin of a perch on a pike. As she draws fourteen feet of water without her board, it is difficult to see why the lead was not lowered a little more to give a stiffer and stronger boat without this fiddling with a little centreboard. The idea that an American yacht ought to have a centreboard has been placed on the shelf; because England has adopted it while America's champion boats of late years have been keels. John Bull stole what he thought was Uncle Sam's fetiche, and Uncle Sam stole John Bull's deep keel and is well satisfied with the exchange.



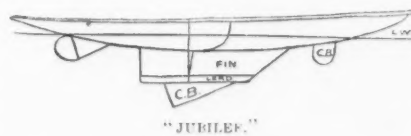
"PILGRIM."

The *Pilgrim*, designed by Stewart & Binney, of Boston, might at first have been called X, the unknown quantity. Yet, after the marked success of the fin-keels among the small fry, her production was something more than a mere angling for chance. It will be seen that this canoe-like hull sits almost on the surface of the water. Being so extremely shallow in the region of the rudder, she has an after fin on which this swings. Her main fin, with twenty-five tons of lead on the bottom of it, gives her a draught of twenty-two feet, and if placed on the hull as indicated in this diagram, would seem to promise a lee-helm for her unless the small centreboard nearer the bows counteracts any such tendency.



PROFESSOR J. SOLIS COHEN, M.D.—PHOTOGRAPH BY GUTEKUNST.

One centreboard and two fin-keels on one boat! This is going into the fin with a vengeance. Now we know that *fin de siècle* means *siècle de fin*. Excuse our French.



"JUBILEE."

But the *Jubilee* out-Herods Pontius Pilate. She not only possesses the *Pilgrim's* two keels and forward centreboard, but has also a further contrivance. Down through her main and central fin-keel she lowers a second centreboard of considerable size. It will be seen that there is a combination of submerged freaks about this boat which makes her the most peculiar racing vessel ever launched. Nothing has been given out as to the amount of lead her central fin carries, but guessing at it as not less than thirty tons, we wonder what its chances of breaking off are when the fin itself is hollowed for the board to pass through. Above water the *Jubilee* is perhaps the smartest-looking craft of the four, and underneath she has notions enough for Coney Island.

Altogether, the four cup-defenders present every variety of the most modern yacht modeling. They contain the whole of the yacht-building science of America, and if any one of them proves markedly more fast than the others the *Valkyrie* will have but little chance

of winning. Indeed, it is possible that the trial races between these four remarkable boats will be more interesting than the international races for which all this preparation is made. It is probable that it will be difficult to ascertain which is the best of the quartette, and it is also possible that at least three of them can beat the *Valkyrie*. If so, all the more honor to *Valkyrie* for her courage and love of sport.

STUSSON JARVIS.

## NOTABLE JEWS.—NO. XVII. DR. J. SOLIS COHEN.

IN all countries and at all times Jews have taken high rank as physicians. The dietetic and sanitary laws laid down for them in the Orient, and which are still observed to some extent by the orthodox Jews, frequently more in the letter than in the spirit, give evidence of the medical knowledge of the early law-makers.

At the time of the expulsion of the Jews from Spain exceptions were made in favor of physicians, and in countries where Jews were debarred from the other learned professions the persecutors were succored in illness by Jewish doctors.

Of those who have attained prominence in the United States none is better known than Dr. J. Solis Cohen, emeritus professor of diseases of the throat in the Philadelphia Polyclinic and School for Graduates in Medicine, and honorary professor of laryngology in Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia. Dr. Cohen was born in New York City, February 28th, 1838. He was educated in the public schools of Philadelphia, being a graduate of the central high school of that city, and studied medicine in Jefferson Medical College and in the University of Pennsylvania, from which latter institution he received his medical degree in 1860. By his maternal grandmother he is descended from a family active and honored in colonial and Revolutionary public movements. He served during the Civil War first as assistant surgeon of the Twenty-sixth Regiment of Pennsylvania, and subsequently as acting assistant surgeon in the United States Navy, and finally in the United States Army. Resuming practice in Philadelphia in January, 1866, he rapidly became identified with the successful diagnosis and treatment of obscure diseases of the throat and air passages, soon becoming one of the most prominent international authorities in that branch of the medical art, with which his attention gradually became more and more closely absorbed. His first formal teaching appointment was in 1867—that of lecturer on diseases of the throat and chest at Jefferson

Medical College, which position was afterward merged in the professorship that he still holds at that institution. Previous to this he also gave courses of lectures on electro-therapeutics in the same college, and for a series of years afterward also conducted acceptably the medical clinics during the latter months of the scholastic term.

He has held many positions as visiting and consulting physician in various hospitals, from all of which, except the Hospital for Consumptives, he resigned on attaining his fiftieth year, not wishing to stand longer in the way of the promotion of younger men.

In connection with his studies of the human vocal apparatus he was led into researches in the science of acoustics; and in this connection gave courses of lectures in the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia and the Stevens Institute of Technology at Hoboken.

He has been president of the Northern Medical Association of Philadelphia, of the Philadelphia County Medical Society, of the Philadelphia Laryngological Society, and of the American Laryngological Association, and is an active, corresponding, and honorary member of many learned societies at home and abroad.

He has issued several volumes in connection with the subjects upon which he is best known, and communications from his pen elicit considerable attention and are often translated into foreign languages. Many methods of treatment, surgical operations, and mechanical devices of his contrivance are in habitual use in all parts of the globe.

ISIDOR LEWI.





The above illustration embraces a more complete combination of the great architectural features of the Exposition than can be obtained in any other single view, without undue elevation to the trim with a glimpse of the Grand Court and of the McMonie Fountain, backed by the Electricity building. To the right is a striking bit of the beautiful Palace of Agriculture, with its gondolas, and bordered with beautiful terraces peopled with moving throngs of picturesque humanity. Altogether the scene is a most impressive one.

THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE WORLD

THE STRIKING PANORAMIC EFFECT OF THE FAIR BUILDINGS AS SEEN FROM THE S





levation to the summit of the picture. It was secured by our art editor on a recent visit to the Exposition. In the foreground is the Columbus Obelisk, partly obscuring the noble façade of Machinery Hall, of Agriculture beyond which is seen the monster building of Manufactures and Liberal Arts. Also the full length of the canal, spanned by graceful bridges, the surface rippled by moving city. Altogether the scene is one of surpassing loveliness, and it is certain its equal is not to be found elsewhere in the world.

OF THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

SEEN FROM THE SOUTH COLONNADE.—FROM A PICTURE BY OUR SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER.—[SEE PAGE 104.]



# THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

By JAMES DAVENPORT WHELPLEY

DURING the last part of July or the first part of August, when traveling on any of the great trunk lines of railroad between Chicago and Boston, or on the lake steamers running from Duluth east, the traveler will see car after car, or boat after boat, loaded with great hempen bales. Many of these bales contain the fleeces from sheep that are grazing among the foot-hills of the Rockies, or on the prairies which roll away from them in uncounted billows to the plains of the Dakotas.

The Montana sheepman looks forward to the month of July as the time when he will cast aside the homely cares of the ranch and hie himself to his nearest railroad point, there to trade and barter with his fellow-man, endeavoring to get as much as he can for as little as needs be.

After seeing the sheep shorn and the wool packed in sacks, loaded into the wagons, and started for the shipping point on the railroad, the wool-grower himself hitches his best team to a light buggy and speeds to the point for which his wool is headed. This may be anywhere from twenty-five to one hundred and fifty miles from the ranch, at some point on the Great Northern or the Northern Pacific railroads, these roads shipping the fourteen million pounds sheared from the two and a quarter million sheep in Montana this year, which is one-twentieth of the total wool product of the United States.

We will suppose our particular friend, whom we will follow from the ranch until he disposes of his clip, to be located in eastern Montana, in the great sheep country of Fergus, whose assessment-rolls show three hundred thousand sheep to be grazing on the hills within the limits of the county. He has about one hundred and thirty miles to drive before he strikes Billings, the shipping point for that section. This it will take three days to drive, and long, hot days they are, too. Bad water, plenty of dust, and heat galore, all tend to make the little town of Billings look like a paradise indeed as the tired horses take on new energy and rattle into town at a brisk trot. The dusty stockman then goes to the one hotel and, if fortunate, secures a room, spruces himself up, and saunters forth to shake hands with old acquaintances and to make new ones.

As a rule he meets the same crowd he met the year before. A few new sheep-growers, a few new wool-buyers, either new men with old houses or men representing new houses, who are reaching after the desirable wool trade of Montana. Putting aside the eager commission men who want him to ship at once to them, as "the market is sure to be better later on, owing to a light clip in Australia, a greater demand from manufacturers," etc., etc., he seeks the companionship of wool-growers who may have arrived in town before him and who will be presumably better posted on the market.

Last year (1892) the market presented rather abnormal conditions. A common desire seemed to possess the wool-growers to sell outright. Commission men found it dull work waiting around while the buyers haggled over the various clips as they arrived. They were slow to buy, however, and the result was a very slow movement in wool, a blockade in the warehouses, and a grand rush of wool to the seaboard at the latter end of the four weeks' season, with the results in favor of the commission men, as usual.

The sheep-growers themselves, as a class, are an uneducated lot of shrewd, industrious men who have made their money rapidly and easily. Many foreigners are among them, Scandinavian blood predominating. They are suspicious of being duped, slow to trade, and have a rather large dose of the big head, for which a hard winter is a good antidote. There are among the sheep-growers many bright, intelligent, well-educated men, modest withal, and then there are others who are a continual wonder not only as to how they made their money but as to how they are enabled to keep it without the exercise of more intelligence than they evidently possess. Certain qualifications they must all possess, and these are, patience and—at first any way—a capacity for hard work; this latter is not so necessary later on. Lack of social ambition, a contentment with physical conditions of person and environment which if applied to criminals would bring a prison management before a grand jury, do most certainly tend to success in the sheep business.

The history of the failures in Montana shows that many were caused by the owners trying to introduce the comforts and some of the luxuries into ranch life before their returns were sufficient to warrant the expenditure, the latter being abnormally heavy so many miles from railroad facilities. History also shows many most remarkable instances of the rise of men made in no uncommon mould to wealth and even affluence within the brief period of, say, six or seven years. It is noticeable, however, that as the flocks increase, the ranches extend, and the comforts of civilized home appear, the dividends upon the capital invested decrease rapidly in proportion. To the majority of the sheepmen, therefore, the trip to market is a pleasant change and breaks the monotony of the year.

The lonely life and the hardships endured by many who start in the business on limited or comparatively no capital creates a condition of mind, especially among the single men, which in some cases ends in insanity, as the number of sheepmen now in the Warm Springs Asylum in Montana testifies. In other cases it simply results in creating a class of opinionated cranks who prefer the solitude of their ranches and the companionship of their sheep to the bustle of the settlement and the society of their fellow-men. The married men with their wives and families are saved from this, and lead a plain, homely, but, as a rule, happy life in the glorious climate of Montana, with fairly comfortable homes located on the prairie beside some beautiful stream and in sight of the everlasting snow-capped peaks of the Great Divide. The wives of these sheepmen have been the civilizing factor in eastern Montana. Brave, industrious women from the granite hills of New England or the rich bottom-land farms of the Mississippi valley, they came like missionaries from afar off. Few and far between they were at first, but now the valleys are dotted here and there with homes so near that the smoke from one fireside is seen from the other—the beacon-fires of an advancing host, whose mission is the conquering of a land given up to the rude passions of men untempered by the refining influence of woman. They are peopling the valleys with a sturdy generation who are growing up in the free air and sunshine, physically unequaled, and constructed on mental lines as broad as the limitless ranges that extend from Mexico to the British possessions. School-houses, churches, and social gatherings are now as common as they were rare ten years ago. Of these women and the work they have accomplished volumes could be written and still their due would not have been given them.

But this is not an article on the sheep ranch but upon the marketing of the product; so, to return to our sheep-owner who was left renewing the acquaintances of the year before. The buyers and commission men with whom he has to deal are the sons of modern commercial life from Boston, New York, Chicago, and an occasional stray from St. Louis. They are the bright, promising young men of the houses they represent, sometimes junior partners, sometimes the son of the head of the firm, always trusted and shrewd, as they handle large sums of money and are the judges of the purchase price or the amount of money that can safely be advanced upon a consigned clip. Occasionally a veteran wool-buyer appears among the number, to whose stories of the "war" markets and the "panic" markets the "youngsters" listen respectfully, and retail to their customers among the sheepmen as original deductions, made after the many years of experience which must have been compressed somehow into the evidently brief period since they reached their majority. Sharp as they are, they often meet their match in the man who has wool to ship or sell, and whose whole mental energy is concentrated, and whose whole interest is wrapped up in the big sacks of wool for which he now holds the railroad company's warehouse receipt.

Eastern money now entertains, though the Westerner is never slow to share the expense of the entertainment, and spends money with a freedom that astonishes the Eastern man when he makes his first trip West. The days are passed in the warehouse weighing in the wool-sacks from the wagons. All take an impartial interest in this, and every bag runs the gauntlet of the inquiring wool men, who are anxious to be the first to discover a choice clip, and the wool-growers, who are not slow themselves to criticize each others' clips, though each one will

tell you on the quiet that for one reason or another his is just a little bit the best that has arrived this season. While there is at all times an under-current of business in all that is done or said, a great deal of fun goes on, and the rough-and-ready wit deals hardly with anything that savors of pretense or sham.

After the day's work is over an adjournment is taken to the hotel piazza, where the affairs of nations are settled decisively in short order. Of course wool in all its possible phases is the main topic of conversation. The tariff comes up and is a constantly recurring subject. The majority of the wool-growers are firm believers in protection, though the percentage of free-traders is on the increase. The Eastern wool-buyers and commission men are free-traders, with the exception of a few commission houses, which seem, however, to advocate protection to please their customers. All of them agree, however, that a removal of the tariff would cause at least a temporary depression in the price of wool, so the sheepmen want the present tariff continued in force. The subject forms a never-ending topic of conversation, and far into the pleasant summer nights can be heard the earnest voices of the debaters. There are curious characters to be found among these men who derive their incomes from the raising and handling of wool. The stranger is startled at times by original ideas clothed in the best of English emanating from men whose clothes still show signs of the spring lambing, and it is not always that Boston comes out on top in an argument with Montana. When not at the warehouse during the day the wool-growers are trading with the various merchants in town, and having purchased their supplies, begin to get anxious to get some money to pay bills, and also anxious to get home to the haying, which at this time of year is in full blast.

The conversation takes a more serious tone, and a ripple is caused by the announcement that some one has sold a clip at seventeen cents per pound, or eighteen cents, as the case may be. The market then begins to get lively. One after another the growers sell or ship to some commission firm. In the latter case they get a cash advance of from twelve to sixteen cents per pound, getting the balance in the winter, when the wool is sold by the firm in the East. Gradually the visitors depart, the town resumes its usual quiet, and the merchants, after handling thousands of dollars' worth of goods in one month, resign themselves to the trade of the other eleven months, which is equal to little more than that of the one. As the sheepmen depart to their ranches the wool men, who have been dreaming of their summer vacations at the seashore while sweltering in the hot sun, marking the bags for shipment, pack their grips for departure and board the east-bound passenger train. The wool is rapidly disappearing, and soon the last car will be lost to view in the swirl of dust rising in the wake of the fast-retreating caboose on the end of the "through freight, east bound."

## ANOTHER TICHBORNE CASE.

THE NEWBY-BENTON CASE JUST TRIED IN ILLINOIS.

PROBABLY the most remarkable case in the history of criminal jurisprudence occurring in this or any other country has just been tried and decided in the United States District Court for the Southern District of Illinois, at



WILLIAM NEWBY.

Springfield. The sole object of the suit was to determine the identity of a man; and without doubt it overshadows the well-remembered Tichborne case of England.

Suit was brought by the United States government against one Daniel Benton, who, in

April, 1891, made application for a pension, claiming to be William Newby, who was reported killed on the battle-field of Shiloh in April, 1862, and who, if he had succeeded in obtaining a pension, would have been entitled to back pay amounting to the sum of twenty thousand dollars. The government claimed that he was an impostor, seeking to obtain a pension by fraudulent means. The story, as developed by the trial, is as follows:

About the year 1825 there was born of humble parentage, on the banks of the Cumberland River, in Smith County, Tennessee, a child named William Newby. Shortly after his birth he removed with his family to a small town in the northwestern part of White County, Illinois. There he grew to manhood, and a few years before the Civil War was married and became the father of several children. At the call of his country this man, William Newby, in 1861, enlisted in the Union army, in Company D, Fortieth Illinois Infantry.

About the year 1845 there was born in the same county in Illinois where then lived William Newby, another child, called Daniel Benton, who in infancy removed with his widowed mother to a backwoods settlement near Nashville, Tennessee. Daniel Benton grew to manhood in Tennessee. From infancy he was afflicted with a disease known among the country folk as "rickets"—a disease of the nerves which affected his whole frame, and more particularly his lower limbs, giving him a tottering and decidedly decrepit appearance when walking. From his peculiar style of moving he became known throughout the country-side as "Rickety Dan." Dan was of a roving disposition, roaming from one poor-house to another throughout Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, and Tennessee. He also spent much time in house-boats, floating up and down the Ohio River between Kentucky and the bottom lands of southern Illinois. Occasionally falling in with questionable itinerants traveling through the country in covered wagons, he would again take to the road, finally landing in some poor-house. This was the life Dan Benton led until, as "Rickety Dan" Benton, he was, in 1879, sentenced to the penitentiary at Nashville, Tennessee, for horse-stealing.

William Newby, after enlisting in the army, went with his regiment to Tennessee, where, according to the testimony of several of his comrades, he was shot and killed on the battle-field of Shiloh, April 6th, 1862. Two witnesses swearing on the stand that they saw Newby killed were on the burial detail that buried Shiloh's dead; they testified that they recognized the dead body of their comrade, William Newby, and that he was the second man laid in the trench. The widow of William Newby, after receiving the sad intelligence of her husband's death, obtained a pension as such widow in October, 1862, and continued drawing the same up to the time of her husband's return in the spring of 1891.

The man who now claims to be William Newby alleges that he was wounded in the head and other parts of his body at Shiloh; that by reason of said wounds for years afterward his mind was, and is even now at times, a blank; that he was taken a prisoner to the Confederate prison at Andersonville, Georgia, and after his release therefrom wandered from poor-house to poor-house throughout the South. His story of Andersonville was substantiated by a number of veterans, who on the stand swore that they recognized the defendant as the man known in the prison as "Crazy Jack"; that they positively could not be mistaken, and would know him anywhere on earth; that in time he landed in Tennessee, where he was arrested and taken to the Tennessee penitentiary as "Rickety Dan," who had previously escaped from that prison; that he served out the unexpired term of "Rickety Dan"; that from the time of his capture his life thenceforward blended with the checkered career of "Rickety Dan." After his release from the penitentiary in 1889 he started out in the well-beaten path of wandering from poor-house to poor-house, the same path Benton had trod for years. He went by many aliases, principal among which was the name "Rickety Dan." Finally, in 1890, he arrived at the poor-house at Mt. Vernon, Illinois, where Carroll Newby, an aged brother of William Newby, was then confined. He remained an inmate of that institution for some time. His mind continued to improve; long conversations and reminiscences with Carroll Newby awakened in his shattered memory glimpses of the long-forgotten past. From Mt. Vernon he wandered to McLeansboro, a village distant about eighteen miles from where he formerly resided. There, in 1891, he was found by his son and returned to his old home near Mill Shoals, a wretched, shattered wreck of his former robust self. There for some time he lived a quiet, peaceful life among his



old-time scenes and friends until, urged on by neighbors, he attempted to obtain some compensation for his service to his country, his enfeebled condition, and the thirty wasted years of his life. Seventy witnesses for the government swore at the trial that he was "Ricky Dan" Benton, the horse-thief from Tennessee. One hundred and forty-one witnesses for the defense swore that from conversations held with Newby concerning incidents that happened before and during the war, and little things that occurred in the tents and on the field in 1861-62, which William Newby and none else could have any knowledge of, he positively and without doubt is the missing William Newby.

A woman and boy were produced in court as the wife and child of Benton. The child is a miniature fac-simile of the defendant, and is afflicted with the "rickets," as his father was before him. Both swore the defendant was Dan Benton. The guards from the Nashville penitentiary and many others knew him from childhood, and all say he is Dan Benton.

The aged mother of William Newby, Newby's wife, sister and brothers, and the children of William Newby all swore that they recognized him as William Newby and acknowledged him as such before the world; yet two brothers and a sister say they cannot believe he is William Newby.

A number of veterans swore that Hiram Morris was in the same company with William Newby and resembled him so much in appearance that they were frequently taken for each other; that Hiram Morris was missing after the battle of Shiloh and has never been seen or heard of since; that they verily believe Morris was buried as Newby, and positively assert that they know from the appearance and manner of the defendant that he is Bill Newby; that he has related incidents that occurred between Bill Newby and themselves that none else could have had any intimation of; that on the day of his return to his old home he took one witness into the woods alone and pointed out the mound under which Newby's father lies. Yet defendant failed to recollect certain incidents that happened between Bill Newby and some of the witnesses for the prosecution. The defendant in the case has the same scars, marks, and peculiarities that both Benton and Newby had, with the exception that Newby was not injured about the legs at the time he entered the army.

There is no doubt that Benton had the "rickets," yet eminent physicians who examined defendant, swore this man never had that disease, but his lameness was caused by bullet or other wounds. Bill Newby left his home in 1861 with dark-blue eyes; this man returns thirty years after with eyes nearly black. Notwithstanding all this conflicting evidence a jury of twelve men returned, in the remarkably short time of twenty minutes, a verdict of "guilty."

Whether the defendant be Bill Newby or Dan Benton will probably remain a mystery throughout all time, unless perchance the genuine Bill Newby returns to Illinois, or the real Dan Benton returns to his old haunts in Tennessee.

There is a strong possibility that he is Daniel Benton; there is a possibility equally as strong that he is William Newby. If he is Benton the government would have lost twenty thousand dollars through fraud; if Newby, what a golden opportunity to reimburse this nineteenth-century martyr for his wasted life and the injuries received while in the service of his country!

Supposing the man to be Daniel Benton, a heart-broken old mother and a sorrowing wife believe and claim him as the one they mourned for years as dead.

If it is true that the man is William Newby, how awful in its magnitude is the crime the government has committed in the name of justice. A man who at the first sound of the trumpet shouldered his musket and marched to the front; who was wounded and maimed for life on Shiloh's bloody field; who survived the terrible cruelties of Andersonville prison; who with shattered mind and mutilated body hobbled through this boasted land of the free, from poor-house to poor-house, depending on charity for his daily bread, without friends and without home, separated for thirty dreary years from wife, children, mother, and home—everything that life holds dear to man; an innocent human being, compelled to serve out an escaped convict's sentence.

How heartrending, after all these years of hardship, to be restored to the bosom of his family for a few short months, only to be again torn from them and thrown into a prison cell, there to remain the hapless victim of the warp and woof of the darkest web of cruel circumstances that fate has ever woven for unhappy man, until "mercy seasons justice," and another call for volunteers is sounded from across the Great Beyond.

E. J. C.

## HORTICULTURE AT THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

The exhibition in Horticultural Hall began before that in any other building, and indeed was in operation a little while after Christmas. So as to get the tropical plants in the exhibition before the cold weather should begin, that part of the hall covered by the dome was finished last autumn, and the heating apparatus which was to keep the place warm was put in operation. This heating apparatus, by the way, is just underneath the great dome. It was not very slightly machinery, so it was skillfully covered in with what seems to be a mound, and this has been almost covered in turn by tropical plants and flowers. Last winter, when there was snow on the ground outside, and something resembling chaos almost everywhere else in Jackson Park, this mound had already been made beautiful with the curious and stately tropical plants that now spread their branches and leaves in such rich luxuriance. The managers did not consider that because a flower did not bloom between the beginning of May and the end of October it should be barred out from this great flower show, and therefore the blushing and modest primroses were exhibited two months before the World's Fair opened, and while visitors had to flounder through a foot and a half of snow and slush to see them. And so when the gates shall have been officially closed the exhibition in Horticultural Hall will still continue, for the chrysanthemum—the people's flower—does not bloom till the frost, and a great international fair could not be properly held with the beautiful flower of Japan excluded.

And speaking of Japan, it must be said that there is little in the horticultural exhibit more genuinely interesting than the Japanese garden, a realistic reproduction of a bit of country in the flowery kingdom. Little streams are spanned by rustic bridges, and in the centre is an old well, the wooden coping and railing having been brought over with the plants. There is much in Japanese art that the ordinary Western mind finds it hard to comprehend, but it is easy for us, measuring them by our own standards, to see that even Japanese artisans are genuine artists. They never seem to do a thing, however common it may be, without giving in the execution evidence that the work has been done for its own sake and thought to be quite worth the while. The bamboo is a very important plant in Japan, and supplies the materials for many industries. Naturally, therefore, it figures conspicuously in the horticultural exhibit.

While the exhibits from Japan are curious in their way—many of them indeed, because they have been dwarfed by culture—those from Australia are curious for an entirely opposite reason. There nature, untrammelled by conventional cultivation, seems to run riot and to enjoy displaying its power in big ways and monstrous shapes. The ferns are specially curious and interesting, and seem to need all out-of-doors to grow in rather than an ordinary conservatory. The horticultural exhibit from Australia, indeed, was not invoiced and inventoried in the ordinary way for shipment. Lither, it was not stipulated that so many dozens of plants were sent, but it was reckoned by the ton until these tons amounted to eighty.

Mr. Chmedist's picture shows the pyramid of plants under the dome and over the heating apparatus. This part of Horticultural Hall, it is understood, is not to be taken down when the fair is over, but will be kept as a conservatory for Jackson Park. It is likely, too, that many of these curious ferns and palms will be given to the city of Chicago, and if so, they will long serve to remind the people of the great fair that commemorated the four-hundredth anniversary of the daring voyage of the great admiral.

P. P.

## THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB CRUISE.

The annual cruise of the New York Yacht Club is always an event of interest to yachtsmen and all lovers of marine racing. It has its social as well as its nautical side; while it stimulates professional rivalries and quickens laudable aspirations, it affords opportunity for social recreations and reunions which are eagerly anticipated and keenly enjoyed. The visit of the yachts is always a season of peculiar gaiety at Newport, New London, and other points, and life upon the vessels of the squadron, during the progress of its cruise, is crowded with enjoyment for those who are so fortunate as to share the hospitalities of the owners.

The races for the Golet cups over an ocean course outside of Newport were, as usual, a feature of the cruise. This is the twelfth year that Mr. Ogden Golet has offered cups for these

races. There was one cup for schooners and one for sloops. The former, a handsome piece of silverware costing one thousand dollars, represented a mermaid sitting on the back of a dolphin and holding a big sea-shell. In her right hand, with which the mermaid supports the shell, she holds also the wreath of victory. The dolphin rests upon inverted sea-shells twined with seaweed. The cup for sloops was a silver loving-cup of antique design. On one side of it a silver sloop sails in a silver sea. The cost of this cup was five hundred dollars. The races for the Golet cups possessed especial interest from the fact that the cup-defenders—the *Colonia*, *Vigilant*, *Jubilee*, and *Ulysses*—were entered for the sloop contest.

The Commodore's or Morgan prizes offered this year were two silver vases, one 17 inches high and weighing 129½ ounces, and the other 19½ inches high and weighing 92 ounces. The first is in shape and ornamentation purely Grecian. The other is in Græco-Roman style. Upon the side of the body of the piece is a group composed of Venus and the Cupids with the arrows, the bows, the rose-wreath, and the doves. This piece was designed and made with a view of producing something of a truly classical nature—indeed, a true work of art—rather than of a nautical character. It is a piece of most beautiful *repoussé* work. On the outside of the light and graceful handles are introduced the laurel branches of victory. The schooner prize was won by the *Ariel*, and the sloop prize by the *Colonia*.

Other prizes were two cups valued at six hundred dollars each, competed for by sloops, cutters, and yawls off Newport. These were the gift of J. J. Astor. All the cups were made by Tiffany & Co.

## OUR FOREIGN PICTURES.

### THE LARGEST DIAMOND IN THE WORLD.

We reproduce from the London *Graphic* an illustration of the great South African diamond recently found in the Orange Free State, and which is claimed to be the largest ever discovered. A correspondent writing from Africa says: "The diamond was found in the New Jagersfontein Company's mine. It is the most perfect large stone ever seen; its weight is 971 carats, its color is blue-white and almost perfect. It has one black spot in it, which, however, the owners stated to me, may be cut out. Its value, of course, cannot now be stated, but I think if £50,000 were offered for it now, or even double that amount, it would not be accepted; some even declare that it will be worth half a million. It was found by a Kaffir, who was working in the mine, shortly after blasting. The Kaffir, in this case, was talking to his overseer, when he saw something shine and he put his foot over it until his 'boss' had gone away, when he picked up the immense diamond and put it in his pocket. Afterward, in the compound, he handed it over to the manager, for which he has been given £150, a horse, saddle and bridle. An extraordinary circumstance is that certain gentlemen were under contract to buy all stones, good, bad or indifferent, at so much per carat. This contract terminated on the 30th of June, and this stone was almost, if not quite, the last stone found on that day." The stone is in the form of a sloping cone flattened on two sides, and standing on an oval base so flush as almost to appear to have been cut. Its height is about three inches, and its width about two, while the flat base measures nearly two inches by one and a quarter. The diamond itself, which has been named the "Jagersfontein Excelsior," is now in London.

### THE HOUSE-OF-COMMONS AFFRAY.

We have already referred editorially to the recent disgraceful affray in the British House of Commons, of which we give an illustration elsewhere. The disturbance resulted, it will be remembered, from the rejection of Mr. Logan from the front opposition bench. Prominent in the fray were Colonel Sanderson, Colonel Waring, Mr. Burdett-Coutts, Mr. Condon, Mr. William O'Brien, Mr. William Redmond, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, and Mr. T. Healy, some doing their utmost to restore order, but others even more vigorously joining the tumultuous mass of combatants. Colonel Sanderson, his coat torn off, struck out right and left, receiving at the same time a violent blow on the side of his head from Mr. Crean. It was fully five minutes before the efforts of Mr. Marjoribanks and other peace-makers were successful in putting an end to the conflict. Our picture is from the London *Graphic*. Both sides to the controversy have apologized to the House, but a keen sense of humiliation and disgrace still exists among self-respecting Members of Parliament.

### THE SIAMESE AFFAIR.

The terms imposed by the French upon Siam

having been accepted by the victims of their rapacity, all danger of war has been removed and matters have settled down into normal conditions. France secures, as the result of her piratical adventure, a tract of territory on the left bank of the Mekong River up to the twenty-third parallel—that is to say, the region included in the great loop of the river above Luang-Prabang, and thence onward through the imperfectly explored district up to and beyond the Chinese frontier. Part of this tract properly belongs to the Burmese Shan States, and is considered British territory; part of it is claimed by China; part of it is undoubtedly Siamese. All is gobbled by France, England assenting on condition that the independence of Siam shall not be endangered. The matter of the rectification of frontiers by that government and the French is postponed. The logic of events seems to point to the establishment, at no distant day, of a protectorate over the hapless Siamese by one or the other of these governments.

### OTHER PICTURES.

An illustration from the London *Graphic*, given elsewhere, depicts an incident of highway travel in India. Traveling with troops near Bombay, the artist encountered a captive tiger in charge of a native, who roamed about the country exhibiting him to casual wayside spectators. The animal was secured by rough chains and stout leather straps. We give also, elsewhere, illustrations of some of the principal participants in the recent English yacht races off Cowes.

## FACE STUDIES BY STILETTO

Any applicant sending us 50 cents will be entitled to a short reading of character from a specimen of handwriting, to be sent by mail, and the monthly edition of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for six months, or the regular weekly edition for five weeks. \$1.00 to a minute and circumstantial reading of character, by mail, and the monthly edition of the ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for one year, or the weekly edition for three months. \$4.00 to a character reading from any photograph desired, by mail, such readings to be considered as strictly confidential and photograph to be returned, and the full weekly edition of the ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY for one year.

### MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER.

A face strongly expressive of a warm Southern nature, ardent, intense, and maternal. The lower part of the face is developed in a much greater degree than the upper part, indicat-



MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER.

ing that the material nature is stronger than the intellectual and is dominant, and the more subtly so because the lips, ordinarily the exponents of warmth, are less full than might be expected. The nose is delicately formed, and has something of a patrician cast, but actual individuality is weak rather than strong. The eyebrows are long, too long. They are concentrated and speak the intenseness within, and a strong degree of self-will. Real will as expressed in the chin is uncertain and wavering, since the chin is feeble in outline, and not distinctive. The eyes add their quota to the testimony of inward ardor. They are intensely feminine and siren-like. Sense of color is very strong, even to the degree of suggesting an Oriental taste. A certain diplomacy is expressed, a subtle tact which would always give her great power over her immediate surroundings, but, warmly tempered as she is, intense as is the emotional side of her character, she is greatly lacking in magnetic force, will be led herself rather than lead, will be dominated rather than herself prevail.





FOURTEEN-YOKE OX-TEAM LOADED WITH NINETEEN THOUSAND POUNDS OF WOOL.



A BUSY DAY.



BUYING THE CLIP.



BAILING FOR SHIPMENT EAST.



SHEARING CREW.

THE WOOL INDUSTRY IN MONTANA.—[SEE ARTICLE ON "THE GOLDEN FLEECE" ON PAGE 198.]

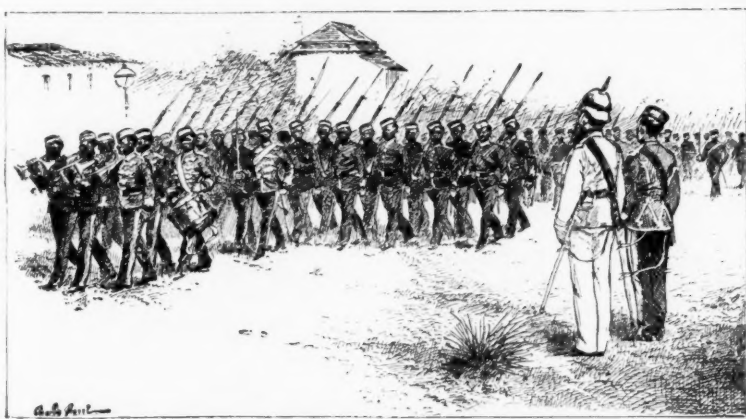




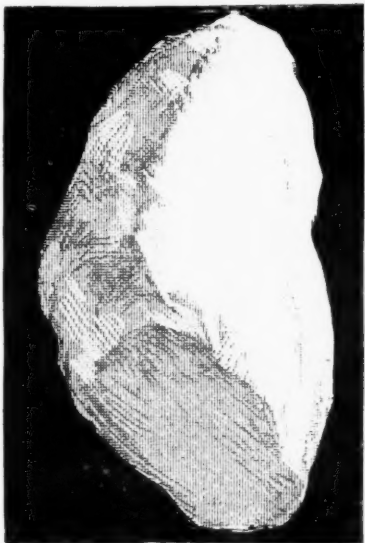
RECENT EVENTS IN SIAM—THE KING'S PALACE AT BANGKOK.



A ROADSIDE SCENE IN INDIA—A CAPTIVE TIGER ON EXHIBITION.



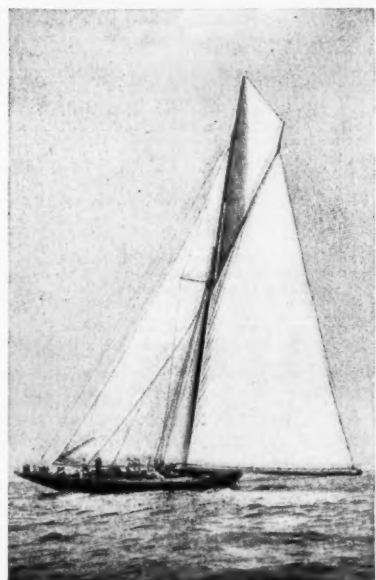
RECENT EVENTS IN SIAM—THE ROYAL GUARD IN BANGKOK.



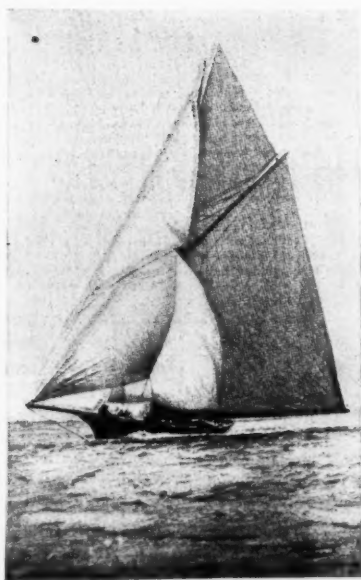
THE LARGEST DIAMOND IN THE WORLD.



THE RECENT AFFRAY IN THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS—SCENE IN THE GANGWAY.



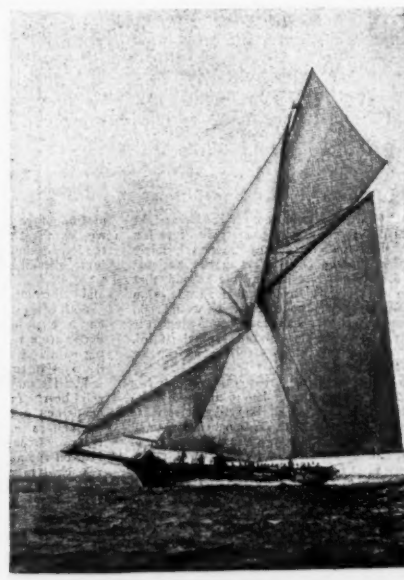
Mr. A. D. Clarke's *Satanita*.



Mr. J. Jameson's *Iverna*.



The Earl of Dunraven's *Valkyrie*.



The German Emperor's *Meteor*.

THE RECENT ENGLISH YACHT RACES OFF COWES—THE PRINCIPAL PARTICIPANTS.



## SUMMER TOURS.

The illustrated book published by the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg Railroad, entitled, "Routes and Rates for Summer Tours," is about as perfect as a railroad book can be made. It consists of 225 pages octavo size, with illuminated cover, and contains more than 150 fine illustrations of noted scenes and summer resorts. It gives a list of 800 hotels, and routes and rates for more than six hundred combination summer excursion tickets for Niagara Falls, Trenton Falls, Clayton, Alexandria Bay, and all Thousand Island resorts, the rapids of the St. Lawrence River, Massena Springs, Ottawa River, Saguenay River, Ha-Ha Bay, Hudson River, Gulf of St. Lawrence, Cape Breton Island, Lake Champlain, Lake George, Lake Memphremagog, White Mountains, Green Mountains, Adirondack Mountains, cities of Ottawa, Kingston, Montreal, Quebec, Halifax, Portland, Old Orchard Beach, Kennebunkport, and seacoast resorts of Maine and all of New England, St. John, New Brunswick; St. Andrews, New Brunswick, and the maritime provinces; Boston, New York, and all mountain, lake, river, and seashore resorts in Canada, New York, and all New England. It contains seven beautiful maps, all of which are printed in colors, and among which are a bird's-eye-view map of the country from Niagara Falls to the Atlantic Ocean, a map of the Thousand Islands, a map of the St. Lawrence River, a map of Saguenay River, a map of the Adirondack Mountains, and a large map of all summer resorts east of Montreal.

This beautiful book will be sent to any address upon receipt of ten cents postage, by applying to Theodore Butterfield, General Passenger Agent, Syracuse, New York.

## A NOVELTY

to some people who are not at present familiar with its value, but our friends have been using it for thirty years and regard the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk as a household necessity. Sold by grocers and druggists.

DR. SIEGERT'S Angostura Bitters, the South American appetizer, cures dyspepsia.

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When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.  
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

## BROMO-SELTZER



CURES  
**HEADACHE.**  
Nervousness, Sleeplessness,  
Nausea, Brain Fatigue,  
AND ALL FORMS OF  
**DISORDERED STOMACH.**  
Contains no opia es of any kind nor Anti-Pyrine  
A palatable, potent, prompt, safe  
"SHAPE UP."  
Price, 10c., 25c., 50c. and \$1 per bottle.  
At Druggists, or mailed prepaid upon  
receipt of price.  
EMERSON DRUG CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

## KIRK'S JUVENILE TOILET SOAP

SWEET PURE  
DELICIOUS  
DELIGHTFUL  
DELICATELY PERFUMED  
REFRESHING-HEALTHFUL  
FOR LADIES & CHILDREN

## ITCHING HUMORS

Torturing, disfiguring eczemas, and every species of itching, burning, scaly, crusted, and pimply skin and scalp diseases, with dry, thin, and falling hair, are relieved in most cases by a single application, and speedily and economically cured by the

## CUTICURA

Remedies, consisting of CUTICURA, the great skin cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin purifier and beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of humors remedies, which the best physicians fail. CUTICURA REMEDIES cure every humor, eruption, and disease from pimples to scrofula. Sold every where. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Boston. 42-44 "How to Cure Skin Diseases" mailed free.

PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough, and oily skin prevented and cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

**FREE FROM RHEUMATISM.**  
In one minute the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster relieves rheumatic, sciatic, hip, kidney, chest, and muscular pains and weakness. The first and only pain-killing strengthening plaster.

## GLISTENING PEARLS

SO PURE, SO SWEET; SHE WAS INDEED A BEAUTIFUL GIRL. Every feature was the personification of

## PERFECT HEALTH.

BREATH AS FRAGRANT AS ROSES;  
LIPS RUBY RED AND TEETH LIKE  
GLISTENING PEARLS. Ask her for  
THE SECRET OF HER CHARMS, and  
she will tell you they are due to THE DAILY  
USE of

## CONSTANTINE'S PERSIAN HEALING PINE TAR SOAP.

For the Toilet and the Bath, and as a purifier of the Skin, this WONDERFUL BEAUTIFIER has no parallel. Every young lady who realizes THE CHARM OF LOVELINESS, has but to patronize this POTENT AGENT to become a

Queen Among Queens.

For Sale by Druggists.



THE coloring so frequently seen in Calisaya, sometimes natural, oftener artificial, has no medicinal action or properties.

## Calisaya La Rilla

is bright, clear and palatable, and richer in the best principles of the bark than any other.

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The Best Text-Books on Photography.  
Free use of dark-room on main floor of our store. Fifty Years Established. Send for Catalogue. Dark-room at our exhibit at World's Fair for use of visiting friends.

## DEACON RANDOLPH'S PHILOSOPHY.

"Whad de mattah yo' doan' eat no break-fas'?" remarked Deacon Randolph the other morning.

"I doan' feel well," replied the Randolph heir-apparent. "I eat sum lobster-salad las' night an' it doan agree wiv me."

The deacon fixed him for a moment with his glittering eye and then remarked:

"Yo' got a pow'ful delicate stomach fo' a young buck niggah. Was it lobster-salad dat made yo' tack all ober de street fo' an hour, like de Puritan in a head-wind, befo' yo' cud maik de gate? Was it lobster-salad dat made yo' fall up agin de front do' so hard dat yo' wake up yo' po' ol' mudder? Did lobster-salad maik yo' hang yo' shoes on de gas-burner, frow yo' clo's on de flo', an' go t' bed wiv yo' hat on? Go 'long wiv yo'! El yo' had said dat niggah gin was de mattah wiv yo', den yo' bin jes' as good a man as Geo'ge Washin'ton; but now yo' ain't no bettah dan a infidel."—Judge.

## GOOD Food - - - Digestion - - - Complexion -

are all intimately connected—practically inseparable. Though the fact is often ignored, it is nevertheless true that a good complexion is an impossibility without good digestion, which in turn depends on good food.

There is no more common cause of indigestion than lard. Let the bright house-keeper use

## COTTOLINE The New Vegetable Shortening

and substitute for lard, and her cheeks, with those of her family, will be far more likely to be "Like a rose in the snow."

COTTOLINE is clean, delicate, healthful and popular. Try it for yourself.

Send three cents in stamps to N. K. Fairbank & Co., Chicago, for handsome Cottoline Cook Book containing six hundred recipes, prepared by nine eminent authorities on cooking.

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In form of policy, prompt settlement of death losses, equitable dealing with policy-holders, in strength of organization, and in everything which contributes to the security and cheapness of Life Insurance, this Company is unexcelled.



The O. E. Miller Company.  
SEND FOR CIRCULAR TO EITHER OF ABOVE OFFICES.

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NO DETENTION FROM BUSINESS. WE REFER YOU TO OVER 1000 PATIENTS. Investigate our method. Written guarantee to absolutely cure all kinds of RUPTURE of both sexes, without the use of KNIFE OR SYRINGE, no matter of how long standing. EXAMINATION FREE.

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**IOWA:** Rooms 601-602 Iowa Loan and Trust Bldg. Des Moines.  
**MICHIGAN:** Rooms 44-46 McGaw Block, Detroit.  
**MISSOURI:** 613 Pine Street, St. Louis.  
**MONTANA:** Room 15 N. W. Cor. Main & Park, Butte.  
**OREGON:** Rooms 527-8-9 Marquam Opera Block, Portland.  
**UTAH:** Rooms 201-2 Constitution Bldg, Salt Lake City.

**ESTERBROOK'S PENS**  
26 JOHN ST., N. Y. THE BEST MADE.



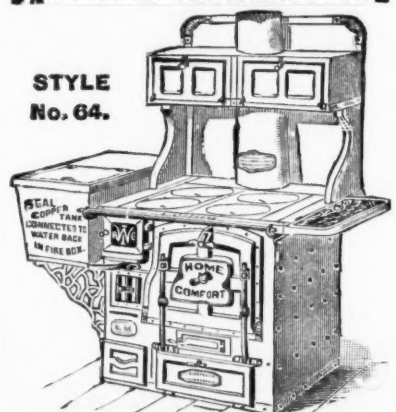
## A BAD WRECK

—of the constitution may follow in the track of a disordered system, due to impure blood or inactive liver. Don't run the risk! The proprietors of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery take all the chances. They make a straightforward offer to return your money if their remedy fails to benefit or cure in all disorders and affections due to impure blood or inactive liver. The germs of disease circulate through the blood; the liver is the filter which permits the germs to enter or not. The liver active, and the blood pure, and you escape disease.

When you're run down, debilitated, weak, and your weight below a healthy standard, you regain health, strength, and wholesome flesh, by using the "Discovery." It builds up the body faster than nauseating Cod liver oils or emulsions.

There wouldn't be any cases of Chronic Catarrh if everyone used Dr. Sage's Remedy. There's \$500 reward for an incurable case.

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Made almost wholly of MALLEABLE IRON and WROUGHT STEEL, will LAST A LIFETIME if properly used.

Sold ONLY BY OUR TRAVELING SALESMEN FROM OUR OWN WAGONS throughout this Country and Canada.

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MADE ONLY BY  
**WROUGHT IRON RANGE CO.**  
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Founded 1864. Paid up Capital \$1,000,000.

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See our exhibit No. 44, Section "O," Manufacturers Building, World's Columbian Exposition.

## Beeman's Pepsin Gum.

**CAUTION.**—See that the name Beeman is on each wrapper. The Perfection of Chewing Gum and a Delicious Remedy for Indigestion. Each tablet contains one grain Beeman's pure pepsin. Send 5 cents for sample package. **THE BEEMAN CHEMICAL CO.** No. 15 Lake St., Cleveland, O. Originators of Pepsin Chewing Gum.

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A MAGAZINE OF WIT AND HUMOR.

56 Handsomely Printed Pages.

Profusely Illustrated by the JUDGE Artists.

JUST ISSUED!

COSTS 25 CENTS, AND WORTH A DOLLAR.  
BUY IT WHEN OFFERED.



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hair which  
has become thin,  
and keep the scalp  
clean and healthy, use

## AYER'S HAIR VIGOR

It prevents the hair  
from falling out  
or turning gray.  
The best

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### "Exposition Flyer"

Is the name of the new 20-hour train of the  
**New York Central**

between New York and Chicago, every day  
in the year.

This is the fastest thousand-mile train  
on the globe, and is second only in speed  
to the famous

### Empire State Express,

whose record for two years has been the  
wonder and admiration of the world of  
travel.

The New York Central stands at the  
head for the speed and comfort of its trains.  
A ride over its line is the finest one-day  
railroad ride in the world.

For a copy of the "Luxury of Modern  
Railway Travel" send two 2-cent stamps  
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Sole Contractor, **M. Poetzi, Frankfort-on-M.**

**Alx-in-Chap.**: GR. MONARQUE. 1st cl., prom., ch., hot sulph. baths.  
**Baden-Baden**: ANGLETERRE. Cen. of prom., high rec., lift, lg. terr.  
MINERVA. Lichtenth. Alles, best sit., gard., lift.  
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**Munich**: BAYRISCHER Hof. Largest, finest h. in town, lift.  
du Nord. Centre of town, only front rooms.  
**Nurnberg**: BAYRISCHER Hof. Jean Anlinger.  
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RHINE HOTEL. Lift, Weiss Brothers.  
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**New York and Kingston to Saratoga and Lake George.**  
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### A NATURAL QUERY.

"So that is a Venetian gondola, is it?" said  
Skidmore to a Columbian guard.

"It is."

"Venice the thing going to start?"—Judge.

### IN CHICAGO.

TRAMP—"Madam, will you give me a piece  
of pie for old times' sake?"

Mrs. Manyhusband—"Old times! What do  
you mean, man?"

Tramp—"Why, have you forgotten me? I  
was your husband back in the 'eighties."

Mrs. Manyhusband (looking mildly interested)  
—"Indeed? Your number, please."—Judge.

### A NATURAL QUESTION.

"Do I have to put all of this stamp on one  
letter?" asked Auntie Sassafraz when she bought  
her first Columbian two-center.—Judge.

THIS  
WILL  
CURE  
YOU



## BURNHAM'S BEEF WINE & IRON

PRICE 50c. pint. Let those who have  
pale faces try it. It is a GREAT RES-  
TORATIVE TONIC that acts upon the  
blood immediately.

Be Sure You Get BURNHAM'S.  
Our formula is a secret. No other is  
"just as good." All grocers sell it.  
Six 5 pint bottles expressed for \$1.50. Send  
stamp for book—"Household Hints."  
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**WRIGHT'S MYRRH TOOTH SOAP.**  
Gives Pearly White Teeth, Ruby Gums, Pure Breath,  
Removes Tartar, Refreshing to the Mouth. 25 cents.  
Send for book "Care of Teeth," free. Wright & Co.,  
Chemists, Detroit, Mich. Also in liquid or powder form.

### LONDON.

THE LANGHAM, Portland Place. Unrivalled situa-  
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Americans. Lighted by electricity; excellent table  
d'ôte.

### QUITE ENOUGH.

BRIDGET—"Give me me riferince, plaze, mum,  
an' O'ill go."

Mrs. Highstrung—"What reference can I give  
such a worthless creature as you?"

Bridget—"Yez kin jist say as Oi lived wid  
yez t'ree monts."—Judge.

### A GREAT STORE.

THE dry-goods emporium of H. O'Neill & Co.,  
covering the entire block between Twentieth  
and Twenty-first streets, on Sixth Avenue, New  
York, is one of which this city is justly proud.  
The proprietors have succeeded in assembling  
under one roof the greatest amount of choice  
goods ever brought together. There are stores  
larger, perhaps, but where is there another of  
the magnitude of H. O'Neill & Co.'s which is  
filled with goods so choice? If you want trash,  
don't go to O'Neill's; but if you are after honest  
value every time, FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY  
respectfully recommends you to this establish-  
ment.

### HOW IS IT?

It is on warmth (so I've been told)

That friendship much depends,

How is it, then, though cash is cold

It has so many friends?—Judge.

### RACY COLORS.

JERRY WEIGHBACK—"Them last shirts I  
bought here is jest as ye said."

Salesman—"Our goods are always as ye  
say."

Jerry Weighback—"Ye said they was fast  
colors."

Salesman—"Yes, sir."

Jerry Weighback—"An' they be. Why,  
mother she put 'em in the wash, an', by goll!  
when she took 'em out them colors had run so  
fast they was purty near out o' sight."—Judge.

**"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."**  
**BEECHAM'S  
PILLS**  
(Tasteless—Effectual.)  
FOR ALL  
**BILIOUS and NERVOUS  
DISORDERS.**  
Such as Sick Headache, Wind and Pain in the  
Stomach, Giddiness, Fullness, Swelling after  
Meals, Dizziness, Drowsiness, Chills, Flush-  
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Nervous and Trembling Sensations, and Ir-  
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Of all druggists. Price 25 cents a Box.  
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PALACE BUFFET SUPPER  
SLEEPERS. DINING  
CARS.

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AT LOWEST RATES.

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Cut this out and send it to us  
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**WANTED WOMEN TO TAKE CROCHET WORK TO DO  
READY WORK AT HOME CITY OR COUNTRY.  
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Visitors to the World's Fair should bear in mind that the route via the St. Lawrence,  
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**J. W. BURDICK**, General Passenger Agent, Albany, N. Y.

## HAIR ON THE FACE, NECK, ARMS OR ANY PART OF THE PERSON

QUICKLY DISSOLVED AND REMOVED WITH THE NEW SOLUTION

## ÷ MODENE ÷

AND THE GROWTH FOREVER DESTROYED WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST  
PAIN OR DISCOLORATION OF THE MOST DELICATE SKIN.

Discovered by Accident.—An Cosmopolitan, an incomplete mixture was accidentally  
spilled on the back of the hand, and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was  
completely removed. We purchased the new discovery and named it MODENE. It is perfectly  
pure, free from all injurious substances, and so simple any one can use it. It acts mildly but  
surely, and you will be surprised with the results. Apply for a few minutes and the  
hair disappears as if by magic. It has no resemblance whatever to any other preparation ever used  
for a like purpose, and no scientific discovery ever attained such wonderful results. IT CAN  
NOT FAIL. If the growth be light, one application will remove it permanently; the heavy  
growth such as the beard or hair on arms will require two or more applications before all the  
roots are destroyed, although all hair will be removed at each application, and without slightest  
injury or unpleasant feeling when applied or ever afterward. MODENE SUPERSEDES ELECTROLYSIS.

Recommended by all who have tested its merits.—Used by people of refinement.

Gentlemen who do not appreciate nature's gift of a beard, will find a priceless boon in Modene,  
which does away with shaving. It dissolves and destroys the life principle of the hair, thereby  
rendering its future growth an utter impossibility, and is guaranteed to be as harmless as water  
to the skin. Young persons who find an embarrassing growth of hair coming, should use Modene  
to destroy its growth. Modene sent by mail, in safety mailing cases, postage paid, (securely  
sealed from observation) on receipt of price, \$1.00 per bottle. Send money by letter, with your  
full address written plainly. Correspondence sacredly private. Postage stamps received the  
same as cash. (ALWAYS MENTION YOUR COUNTY AND THIS PAPER.) Cut this advertisement out.

LOCAL AND GENERAL AGENTS WANTED. MODENE MANUFACTURING CO., CINCINNATI, O., U. S. A.

Manufacturers of the Highest Grade Hair Preparations. You can register your letter at any Post-office to insure its safe delivery.

We offer \$1,000 FOR FAILURE OR THE SLIGHTEST INJURY. EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.

**"A disease known is half cured."**  
**If your house is  
dirty**  
Buy a cake of **SAPOLIO**. It is a solid  
cake of Scouring Soap, used for all clean-  
ing purposes except the laundry. Try it+

## KODAKS

Columbus Model Folding Kodaks. These  
new Kodaks combine the desirable features of a  
complete view camera with the compactness of a  
Kodak.

The Lens covers the plate fully, even when the  
front is raised. It is instantly removable and can  
be replaced by a wide angle lens which fits the  
same shutter.

The Shutter. The folding Kodaks are now  
fitted with an iris diaphragm shutter, having a  
pneumatic release and a range of automatic  
exposures from 1 of a second to 3 seconds.

A Double Swing Back and sliding front are  
among the improvements. These Kodaks can be  
focused with the index or on ground glass; can be  
used as hand or tripod cameras and are easily  
adapted to stereoscopic work.

	For Film and Glass,	For Glass Plates only,
No. 4 (For 4 x 5 pictures),	\$60.00	\$55.00
No. 5 (For 5 x 7 pictures),	75.00	70.00
No. 6 (For 6 1/2 x 8 1/2 pictures),	100.00	95.00

### EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Send for Circular.

Rochester, N. Y.

## BOKER'S BITTERS

THE OLDEST AND BEST OF ALL  
Stomach Bitters,  
AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE. TO BE  
HAD IN QUARTS AND PINTS.

**L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manuf'r & Prop'r,**  
78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

**DIXON'S  
AMERICAN  
GRAPHITE  
PENCILS**

Are unequaled for smooth, tough points.  
Samples worth double the money for 16c.  
Jos. Dixon Crucible Co., Jersey City, N. J.  
Mention FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

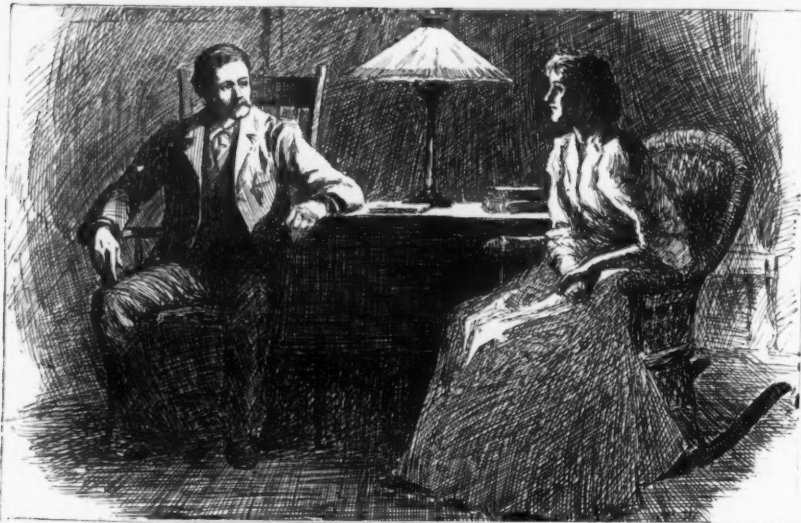
**THE GREAT AMERICAN  
TEA COMPANY**  
**A PRACTICAL EVERYDAY  
COOK BOOK**  
FREE containing over 2,500  
tested recipes, 320  
pages, bound in cloth. Don't fail to  
get the  
**WATCH-CLICK**  
the greatest novelty of the age. For full particulars  
address **THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,**  
P. O. Box 287. New York City, N. Y.

## HALF-RATE EXCURSIONS TO THE WORLD'S FAIR

VIA WASHINGTON AND THE B. & O. R. R.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad will run a series  
of special excursions from New York to the World's  
Fair at rate of \$17.00 for the round trip. The trains  
will consist of first-class day coaches equipped with  
lavatories and toilet conveniences. The trains will  
start from Jersey Central Station, foot of Liberty  
Street, New York, at 8.30 A.M., August 5th, 9th, and  
15th, and reach Chicago at 4.30 P.M. the following  
day. Tickets will be valid for outward journey only  
on the special trains, but will be good returning from  
Chicago in day coaches on any regular train within  
ten days, including day of sale. Stops will be made  
for meals at the dining-stations on the line. A  
Tourist Agent and a train porter will accompany  
each train to look after the comfort of passen-  
gers. Tickets will also be sold for these trains at the  
Jersey Central offices in Newark, Elizabeth, Plain-  
field, Bound Brook, and Somerville. New York  
offices 172, 415, and 1140 Broadway, and Station foot  
of Liberty Street.





IN PARTNERSHIP.

SHE—"And do you really love me as much as you say, Henry?"  
 HE—"Why, darling—"  
 SHE—"Well, then, don't borrow any more money from papa. He's charging it up against what he'll give me when we're married."

45 lbs.

of Prime Beef, free of fat, are required to make one pound of

**Armour's**  
**Extract of BEEF**

Our little Cook Book tells how to use Armour's Extract in Soups and Sauces—a different Soup for each day in the month.

We mail Cook Book free; send us your address.

Armour & Co., Chicago.



IS THE BEST SUITED TO ALL WEAK AND DELICATE CONDITIONS OF THE DIGESTIVE ORGANS. THE SAFEST FOOD IN THE SICK ROOM FOR INVALIDS AND CONVALESCENTS—UNRIVALLED—For DISPEPTIC, DELICATE, INFIRM AND AGED PERSONS. A SUPERIOR NUTRITIVE IN CONTINUED FEVERS. AND OF RARE MEDICINAL EXCELLENCE IN ALL GASTRIC AND ENTERIC DISEASES, ESPECIALLY IN DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY, CHOLERA, AND SHIPBOARD SICKNESS. DRUGGISTS. \* JOHN CARLE & SONS, NEW YORK.

"THE LITTLE FINGER DOES IT."

**Automatic Reel.**



N. B.—See exhibit in Fisheries Building, World's Fair.

In the popular requirements of  
 SPEED, COMFORT,  
 SAFETY, DURABILITY,

**Columbia Bicycles**

ARE COMPLETELY, UNEQUIVOCALLY, ABSOLUTELY, THE STANDARD BICYCLES OF THE WORLD. POPE MFG. CO., BOSTON, NEW YORK, CHICAGO, HARTFORD.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

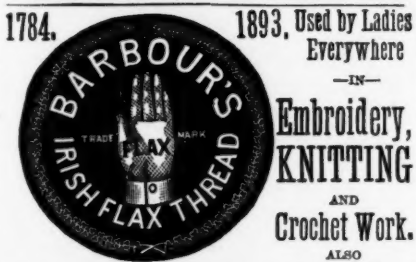
**CATARRH**  
 Sold by Druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Haseltine, Warren, Pa.

A  
 GRAND  
 COMBINATION.

**YALE MIXTURE**  
 FOR THE PIPE.

A Delightful Blend of St. James Parish, Louisiana, Perique, Genuine Imported Turkish, Extra Bright Plug Cut, Extra Bright Long Cut, and Marburg Bros.' Celebrated Brand "Pickings."

MARBURG BROS.



For Cluny, Antique, Russian, Macramé and other Laces.

Sold by all respectable dealers throughout the country, on Spools and in Balls.

LINEN FLOSS in SKEINS or BALLS.

THE BARBOUR BROTHERS COMPANY.

NEW YORK, BOSTON, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, SAN FRANCISCO.

Ask for BARBOUR'S.

"GENUINE" only with the signature of Justus von Liebig in blue ink across the label, thus:—

*Justus von Liebig*

It is almost unnecessary to add that this refers to the world-known

**Liebig COMPANY'S**

**Extract of Beef.**

For delicious, refreshing Beef Tea. For improved and economic cookery.

THERE IS A DISTINCTIVE AIR OF CONFIDENCE ABOUT RIDERS OF

**RAMBLER BICYCLES**

THEY KNOW THE WHEEL THEY RIDE AND TRUST IT

All about Ramblers in catalogue. FREE at Rambler Agencies, or by mail for 25-cent stamps. GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO., Chicago, Boston, Washington, New York

**KRANICH & BACH PIANOS.**

Warerooms: 235 and 239 E. 23d St., N. Y.

Owing to the great demand for these celebrated Pianos, we have erected a very large addition to our factory which will enable us to make 50 Pianos per week.

These Instruments are unexcelled, and are sold AT MODERATE PRICES. Sold on installments and rented.

## You can Economize

By using Royal Baking Powder to the exclusion of all other leavening agents. The official analysts report it to be 27% greater in leavening strength than the other powders. It has three times the leavening strength of many of the cheap alum powders.

It never fails to make good bread, biscuit and cake, so that there is no flour, eggs or butter spoiled and wasted in heavy, sour and uneatable food.

Do dealers attempt, because times are dull, to work off old stock, or low grade brands of baking powder? Decline to buy them. During these times all desire to be economical, and

**Royal is the most Economical Baking Powder.**



**W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.**

Best Calf Shoe in the World for the Price.

Fine Calf Dress Shoes, \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$5.00. Very Stylish. Policemen's, Farmers' and Letter Carriers' \$3.50 Shoe. Three Soles, Extension Edge. \$2.50 and \$3.00 Shoes for General Wear. Extra Value.

Boys and Youths wear the \$2.00 and \$1.75 School Shoe. For Ladies, \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$2.00 Shoes. Best Dongola.

W. L. Douglas Shoes are made of the best material, in all the latest styles, and sold by shoe dealers everywhere.

Do You Wear Them?

W. L. Douglas' name and price is stamped on the bottom before they leave the factory, to protect you against high prices. Doing the largest advertised shoe business in the world we are contented with a small profit, knowing that the extra value put in W. L. Douglas Shoes will give a continuous increase to our business. The dealer who sells you unstamped shoes makes the price to suit himself. He will charge you from \$4 to \$5 a pair for shoes of the same quality as W. L. Douglas \$3 Shoe. The stamped name and price system is the best for you, because it guarantees full value by the manufacturer, for the money paid, and saves thousands of dollars annually to those who wear W. L. Douglas Shoes.

If you wish to economize in your footwear it will pay you to examine W. L. Douglas Shoes when next in need. Sent by Mail, Postage Free, when dealers cannot supply you. Take no substitute. Send for Catalogue with full instructions how to order by mail.

Address W. L. DOUGLAS, Box 551, Brockton, Mass.

## Your Fall Advertising.

WHERE WILL YOU PLACE IT?

In mediums perused for a day, or in publications like JUDGE, JUDGE'S LIBRARY MAGAZINE, and LESLIE'S WEEKLY, which are kept for a lifetime?

Advertisers who use Judge,

Advertisers who use Leslie's Weekly,

find them to be a permanent paying investment, the best evidence of which is the continuous patronage of the largest and brainiest advertisers.

Our Expert Advertisement Writers

and artists are at the service of patrons. Tell us what you desire and we will promptly send you, free of charge, a proof of a well-displayed condensed advertisement, containing elements of attractiveness and drawing capacity.

Whenever or However

You advertise, bear in mind that THESE ARE THE BEST MEDIUMS IN THE WORLD.

COOPER'S FLORAL DENTINE.

So popular with the Ladies for rendering their teeth pearly white. With the Gentlemen for cleansing their teeth and perfuming the breath. It removes all traces of tobacco smoke. Is perfectly harmless and delicious to the taste. Sent by mail for 25 CENTS. At all dealers. Send 2-cent stamp for sample to



E. Cooper & Hardenburgh, Chemists, Kingston, N. Y.



The best Toilet Luxury as a Dentifrice in the world.

To Cleanse and Whiten the TEETH, Use Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice.

To Remove Tartar from the TEETH, Use Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice.

To Sweeten the Breath and Preserve the TEETH, Use Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice.

To Make the Gums Hard and Healthy, Use Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice.

Price, 25c. a Bottle. For Sale by all Druggists.

**TAMAR** A laxative, refreshing fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, for Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them.

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**GRILLON** EARL & WILSON'S. MEN'S LINEN COLLARS AND CUFFS. "ARE THE BEST" FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

ADVERTISE IN FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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